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THE LADIES' COMPANION for MARCH, price 1s. contains—"The Race for Gold;" by Miss Pardoe. A Glance at the Life and Times of Gabrielle Emilie, Marchioness du Chatelet; by the Countess of Blessington. The Woods-Witch; by Mrs. Aldry. Seris; by Mrs. White. The Son of Monsieur Fouquetin; by Maria Norris. The Bargain; by Ada Trevanion. A Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Siddons; by Miss C. Grant. Mrs. West's Experience; by Alice B. N. Jones for the Little Ones. An Incident of the Carnival; by Miss Hubbard. Original Poems. The Work Table; by Agniette. Fashions, with French Plates. Gossip. Public Amusements, &c. ROBERTSON and TUXFORD, 246, Strand.

THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. XIII. March 1854.

Art. 1. Our Juvenile Criminals.—The Schoolmaster or the Gaoler.
2. Phases of Bourgeois Life.
3. The Irish Land Question.
4. Plunket.
5. Limited Liability in Partnerships.
6. The Old Masters and Modern Art.
Quarterly List of New Works published in Great Britain, America, and the Continent of Europe, with their size, condition, and price.
Dublin: W. B. KELLY, & Grafton-street; and all Booksellers.
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Also many of the Nobility and Gentry.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D. W."—Thanks; but our space is pre-engaged for a long time to come.
 "H. D."—wants some of the primary ingredients of a poet. He must first learn composition, then metres. He fails now in both, and we would recommend him to abandon the pursuit.
 "T. L. B."—Something like poetry there is, but it needs many corrections; it wants polish.
 "A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z."—The meaning you hint at was not intended to be conveyed. The writer is a most orthodox Christian, and a clergyman.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

CONSIDERING the season of the year, there seems an unusual lull in the activity of the Literary World. We are rather looking across the water than at home for subjects of excitement; and the progress made in America with the projected Copyright Bill furnishes a subject of interest to almost all English authors. We say almost all, advisedly; because those the reading of whose works has become a necessary of life—men such as DICKENS, THACKERAY, and MACAULAY—are tolerably well secured as the case stands at present; yet even to them some advantage would be derived from a well-arranged international copyright. The American pirates, among whom Mr. A. HART of Philadelphia rejoices in a bad pre-eminence, desire to have matters managed in this fashion:—They wish an English author to be able to secure a copyright in America, provided he can make terms with a publisher there within three months of the appearance of his work in England. If, however, he fails in doing this, then his labour is to become common property, and Mr. A. HART, or any other "extraneous person," is to have free permission to appropriate the same to his own use. Now Messrs. HART and Co. will be effectively prevented by such a proceeding from pirating new works in the most profitable class of celebrity, and these are exactly the works which, from the circumstances of the case, are pretty well protected as it is. But books, however high their merit, which are not likely to be sold off by thousands, will have no more protection than they have now. Mr. HART will no doubt say—"I will abstain, at all events for the present, from offering a price for such and such works. If I can keep on the negotiation for three months, or nearly three months, I shall get the copyright for nothing." And what makes the matter infinitely more provoking is, that this literary Algerine actually calls upon the American Government to defend piracy as one of the inherent rights of a free republic.

Some time ago we noticed on the authority of a contemporary, that there had been found in Lambeth Palace certain documents dating from the Commonwealth, some of them signed by OLIVER CROMWELL himself, and all of considerable importance and interest. Since that time (now six weeks ago) we have been anxiously looking for some confirmation of the report, or some account of the MSS.; but not a word has appeared, until the other day the *Journal des Débats* took upon it to assert that the documents were of no consequence. Now we should like to know on what ground it makes such an assertion. There can be no difficulty in ascertaining the fact. The courtesy and literary habits of the venerable primate are a sufficient guarantee that he would afford every facility for investigation.

A new journal has made its appearance under the title of *The Courier*, the great object of which is to advocate ecclesiastical reform. Fully as we admit the necessity of this, and much as we would desire to see it accomplished, there are yet some points in the scheme of the *Courier* to which we can by no means give our assent. The entire abolition of cathedral preferment, which forms a part of the plan submitted, would take away the provision which our Church affords in theory to great scholars and eminent theologians. It is clear that a man may be an eminent defender of the faith, a profound biblical critic, a great classical historian, or deeply read in moral or metaphysical philosophy, and yet by no means qualified for district visiting or the minutiae of practical work. For such men our canopies were intended; and we would gladly see them applied to their benefit, rather than abolished, or conferred, as we now too often find them, on men who have scarcely any claim whatever to their emoluments.

This subject reminds us that a gentleman, concerning whom we have frequently had occasion to speak before—the Rev. J. B. SWEET—has now so far perfected his plan for the relief of the poor and distressed clergy, as to be able to present it to the public under the patronage of the BISHOP OF LONDON, who is to take the chair at a public meeting on its behalf, and explain its provisions. Surely the very existence of such societies, being the admission of their necessity, is at once the keenest satire and most bitter reproach to the pluralists of the Establishment.

We have received a letter from the Rev. CHARLES GIRDLESTONE on the employment of money by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in building cathedrals in our colonies. He objects, and we think very rightly, to such an appropriation; and, without

entering ecclesiastically into the question, which might be more properly treated in the columns of the CLERICAL JOURNAL, we would just observe that colleges and libraries are far more important than Gothic cathedrals in our new and rising colonies.

The Literary World has sustained a loss by the death of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, who, though his personal contributions to the department of literature were of no great moment, was yet ever willing to afford it his countenance and support. Happily, we have outlived the days when literature had no dependence but upon Lords; yet the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, had he lived during that period, would probably have proved a very liberal Mezenas. Dr. RICHARDS, the Master of Exeter College, and Dr. JENKINS, the Master of Balliol and Dean of Wells, are among the obituary of the last fortnight. Both were well and deservedly esteemed at Oxford, but neither of them was distinguished beyond his own college and clerical circle. Perhaps the same observation may also be extended to Dr. DENISON, the late BISHOP OF SALISBURY. Another death, however, although the deceased can hardly be ranked among literary men at all, will in London excite more interest—we allude to that of Alderman THOMSON, who was the President of Christ's Hospital. Theoretically, the appointment rests with the governors; but the practice for a long time has been invariably to elect an alderman, and with equal uniformity the choice has fallen on that member of the body who occupied the civic chair at the time. It is believed that in the present instance no deviation will take place from this rule, and that accordingly Alderman SIDNEY, the present Lord Mayor, will replace the late Alderman THOMSON. And here, while we would speak with the greatest respect of the present chief civic magistrate, we cannot help feeling and noticing that the present corporation does not abound with men qualified to take such a post. The colossal wealth, and the gigantic scale on which the commercial operations of the late Alderman THOMSON were carried on, together with his long Parliamentary experience, rendered him well qualified to be placed at the head of a great and royal foundation. It would be, perhaps, invidious were we to point to the particulars in which comparisons might be made between him and his probable successor; and we abstain the more readily, because the fault lies not in the individual but in the corporation.

The admirers of JOHN BUNYAN—and we apprehend that these are co-extensive with all who can read English—will be glad to hear that a complete edition of his works has been recently published in three volumes by Mr. GEORGE OFFOR. In better hands such a task could not have been placed. With him it has been a labour of love. Mr. OFFOR is one of those diligent and conscientious antiquaries who allow not a word to escape them. Every hint as to history or biography is pursued and investigated; and, if we know anything about one of the most remarkable writers who graced the seventeenth century, it is to Mr. OFFOR that we owe the information.

A good deal of attention has been excited lately by the severe treatment which Mr. BOHN's reprint of *Gibbon* has received from some portion of the periodical press. It would seem, however, that the severity of criticism should rather be applied to the printer than the editor. Learned printers are becoming scarce, and there was never a day when they were more really wanted. A college for printers might be christened after the name of CAXTON, and would do good service to literature. We have, indeed, heard that the funds subscribed for a memorial to CAXTON are to be applied for the founding a pension for printers; but we would be glad to see something done to qualify them more than they are at present for their important work.

It appears that the plan of covering the quadrangle of the British Museum with a glass roof is abandoned, but that a reading-room is to be constructed there, capable of accommodating from six to seven hundred readers. Never was anything more necessary, for never were greater inconveniences suffered by students than those inflicted on the present *habitués* of the reading-room. Bad light, bad air, and bad attendance, an inconvenient crowd, an imperfect catalogue, a specific and inevitable headache, are mischiefs some of which will be removed and others mitigated by the proposed alteration. Architects object, because they say it will spoil the quadrangle; but, as nobody ever sees the quadrangle, and there is no legitimate entrance into it, the objection cannot be deemed of much value.

Mention of the British Museum reminds us that Mr. MAYER of Liverpool has exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a portion of the Faussett collection, which ought, as our readers know, to have been the property of the nation, and lodged in the national museum. These, however, have been lost to the metropolis, like many other treasures, by the negligence, parsimony, or incompetence of the Museum authorities. And we have heard some vague rumours of an intended attempt to reform the constitution of the venerable Society of Antiquaries itself. The plan alluded to will propose to assimilate the mode of electing Fellows to that adopted by the Royal Society, where every name submitted to the general body has first to pass the ordeal of the Council. The election to take place once in the year only, and a limited number to be

chosen. The house list for Council to be discontinued, and a perfectly free and open election to be substituted instead of it, so that any Fellow may either propose himself, or any other Fellow, as a member of the Council. The candidates' names to be printed in alphabetical order, and the selection made by the votes of the general body. Voting-papers to be received by post. Another important part of the intended proposal will be the creation of a new order of members, under the title of Associates, who may be elected as the Fellows now are, and from whose ranks only the Fellows may be chosen. We have heard several other matters of detail, but hardly know how far we are justified in entering into them.

The Surrey Archaeological Association is meeting with all the success which might be expected; and before long we may look for a very interesting volume as to the results of its labours. And the Palestine Archaeological Association, at its first general meeting, has already rendered no small service to the antiquarian cause. Mr. AINSWORTH read a paper on the supposed discovery of the ruins of Sodom by M. DE SAULCEY. The paper was by the Chevalier DE VANDERVELDE, and stated that, after having made personal examination of the so-called ruins, he could come to no other conclusion than that they were a mere collection of stones brought there by natural causes, and had never formed a portion of any tower whatever. We admit that this conclusion is singularly satisfactory. The voice of universal tradition had agreed in speaking of the Cities of the Plain as having been placed in that site now overwhelmed by the waters of the Dead Sea. Neither does the theory of M. DE SAULCEY appear in perfect conformity with the testimony of Holy Writ.

It is understood that a professorship of "British History and Archaeology" is to be immediately established in King's College, London. We expect, in our next number, not only to be able to give fuller particulars concerning this interesting decision, but also to give the name of the professor. What seems most remarkable is that the establishment of such a chair should have been so long delayed. General history, ancient history, modern history, sacred history—all have their professors, and every advantage which results from such an establishment. But hitherto, in no university or college throughout the British dominions has there been a professor appointed whose duties should be to illustrate and elucidate the history and antiquities of our own country. It has often been deemed strange that Camden did not appoint one; and, though this very remark has frequently been made, yet it is only now that the deficiency is to be supplied.

The subject of lectures reminds us of Mr. LAYARD, and the manner by which he has made public to certain classes his discoveries by similar means. Not long ago he lectured to the Church of England Young Men's Society in Beaumont-square, and has addressed other bodies in the same way. In fact, this mode of communicating information appears to be gaining ground. Its powers are better understood, and Mr. HALFORD VAUGHAN, the Professor of Modern History at Oxford, seems inclined to make it supersede all other kinds of instruction.

A meeting was lately held at the London Tavern on behalf of the Idiots Asylum—a meeting which we single out here for notice simply on account of the philosophical speech delivered by the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY. Referring to the cause of idiocy, he observed that it originated in a cranial malformation, and that it did not follow that, because some faculties were cramped and confined in their operation, therefore all should necessarily be in the same condition; and he concluded a very lucid view of the subject, by showing that wherever there was any manifestation of taste or ability, there was the power of education; and that it was impossible to say how far that education might be carried. The results obtained at the asylum appear to be highly satisfactory, and a great number of drawings were exhibited on the occasion, which must have greatly astonished those who are unacquainted with the system pursued.

The paper war between Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. CROKER is, we suppose, now concluded. Lord JOHN has brought upon himself a very severe castigation by an ill-timed exhibition of malice; but what is far more to be regretted is, that, having exposed his friend MOORE by his most inexcusable biography as a careless and heartless worldling, he has now brought still severer charges upon him on the part of Mr. CROKER—charges which would never have been brought forward had not Lord JOHN gone out of his way to indulge in an ill-natured sneer upon the aged reviewer.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.—A German offers for sale instruments "for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity." The price of the instrument is two guineas.

WALPOLE AND MACAULAY.—That well-known and beautiful conception of the New Zealander in some future age sitting on the ruins of Westminster-bridge, and looking where London stood, may have been first suggested by a thought in one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann: "At last some curious native of Lima will visit London and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."—*From Notes and Queries.*



ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE ARTS.

The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century.

By JOHN BURNET, author of "Practical Hints on Painting," &c. Bogue.

We have read this book not without pleasure. A kindly, cheerful feeling runs through its pages, giving a certain *sapor* to the mild wisdom—*mitis sapientia*, we may call it—which they are designed to convey. It may be doubted whether the writer's object, namely, "to make easy of comprehension those general principles of which it is requisite for every man to possess a knowledge who wishes to derive a gratification from contemplating the beauties of nature, or of painting," has been successfully attained. We are brought into the company of Fuseli, Beaumont, Wilkie, Nasmyth, Lawrence, Turner, Etty, and a variety of other painters, without regard to chronology, who talk like books; and, above all, Knox, the hero of the "Progress," is an oracle in himself. Many valuable observations are put into the mouths of the several real characters, with all of whom the author was intimate; and, though the conversations are ideal, the opinions expressed are such as those to whom they are attributed were accustomed to utter—so that we may take these personages, the author assures us, as sketches from life. The modicum of instruction, however, which their comments convey seems too slight to be of much service to an artist, or even an amateur, who wishes to learn something more than how to talk eruditely upon art. Nevertheless, we doubt not the soundness of the hints conveyed through the medium of this miscellaneous gossip. The book does not touch the deeper chords of artist existence. The progress, be it recollected, is that of a painter of trees and cattle—not of an historical or imaginative painter. Knox is a cannie young Scot, a model of discretion and industry, has an indomitable passion for limning, and begins his London career with an account at Coutts's, of which, however, he magnanimously resolves to be independent. Visitations of the various picture-galleries, studies on Thames banks, in Epping Forest, or on Wimbledon-common, or Greenwich-hill, make up his placid round of existence. The terms of a few adventures show themselves here and there, merely to come to nothing, as such things usually do in actual life. A tendency to describe in detail minute and unimportant accessories, like a Dutch painter, is one of the most agreeable features of the book. A few passages may be quoted, as illustrations of Mr. Burnet's style. The following account of Knox's first visit to the Royal Amphitheatre of the great Philip Astley throws some light upon the mysterious subject of melodramatic nomenclature.

We arrived at the amphitheatre in time to see his son John go through his various evolutions in horsemanship, with so much grace and ease as brought down thunders of applause from the audience, confirmatory of what they had seen in the newspaper report of Sheridan's speech. The melodramatic piece of *Maternal Impossibility* commenced to a house crowded to suffocation, the audience consisting chiefly of females, no doubt attracted by the name on the play-bills, which kept up the excitement to the last, in expectation of the *dénouement*, which must have been swallowed up in the red and blue lights that preceded the fall of the curtain, for it never made its appearance. After the drop-scene, young Mrs. John Astley (who had performed the part of the heroine) came forward, and was received with the same honours that had greeted her husband in the circle. Old Astley, who sat with us in the box reserved for our party, conducted us to his sanctum sanctorum, where a splendid supper was laid, the heroine presiding, covered with spangles and smiles. Glasses of iced champagne all round opened the attack, and after the oppressive heat of the theatre were most delicious. Young John, at the foot of the table, did the honours of carving, and displayed the same dexterity in handling the knife and fork that he had shown in handling the reins. After we had demolished some of the ham and chicken, oyster-patties, &c. Gibson asked why the piece was called "Maternal Impossibility;" for he could not discover the applicability of such a title; at which old Astley fell into such an immoderate fit of laughter, that I was afraid he would break a blood-vessel. After recovering the power of speech, he replied, "The fitness of the title! No. You, my dear sir, nor anyone else, could discover the appropriate fitness of such a name. But, as I had the honour of giving it, I will explain. In the

first place, do me the honour of taking a glass of cool champagne with me. The piece was written by our poet, Mr. Upton, under the title of the 'Persian Mother.' 'The Persian fiddlestick,' I said; 'I wonder you have not called it the Persian Gulf!' 'Well,' he said, 'what would you call it, Mr. Astley?' 'Why,' Mr. Upton, I would call it *Maternal Impossibility*.' 'But, my dear Mr. Astley, the piece has no reference to such a title.' 'What the devil has the piece to do with it! or the public either?' I said; 'a good title is of as much importance to a play, as to a lease; and though your idol Shakespeare says,—

What's in a name,

A rose will smell as sweet by any other name,—

that may be very well with roses certainly, but with a play it is everything; indeed, it is of as much importance as the play itself.' I remember a case, tried at law, where the chief actor in a new piece altered the name to the one under which it was performed. What was the consequence? after some time a dispute took place between the actor and manager. The judge decreed that the play could not be acted under that title without the actor's authority. That, I think, decides the importance of a name, and the copyright also which it carries; and the crowded house to-night shows clearly its importance."

Here is the legend of Don Saltero's coffee-house, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea.

This house was originally founded by Mr. Salter, hair-dresser to Sir Hans Sloane, the celebrated physician, who, for the better establishing the place in notoriety, furnished him with duplicates and odds and ends out of his own collection of antiquities, and specimens of natural and botanical history, which were spread out in a room up stairs; formerly, a rival exhibition to the great antiquary of Lambeth, John Tradescant's. As he was a garrulous, talkative person, as most barbers are, a wag likened him to the barber in "Don Quixote" and dubbed him Don Saltero, which name the house adopted and has borne since 1698. At that time Chelsea was a village, unconnected with London, except by a few straggling houses, and miserably bad roads; it gained a certain notoriety from Dean Atterbury, Dean Swift, Addison, and Sir Richard Steele, frequenting the house; in fact, Steele, in one of his papers in the *Tatler*, gives a long description of the house, and its curiosities and historical tittle-tattle; the essay indeed was written upon that small round table at which the gentleman is enjoying his Welsh rabbit. Without going back to the time of Sir Thomas More, whose house stood behind us, Chelsea boasts a long line of worthies who resided here, and tended to make the vicinity celebrated even down to my time. George Canning has made Don Saltero's coffee-room a half-way house from Old Brompton to the House of Commons, taking water down to St. Stephen's Chapel. A congregation of these reminiscences will always secure a certain interest to the Don's foundation; but even the situation, though now a mere extension of the metropolis, will lead the citizens out of the smoke and dust to inhale a purer air on the banks of the Thames, with a moving panorama of the boats and barges passing up and down.

The following account of wholesale picture manufacturing in the olden time, before lithography and the various processes of cheap multiplication now in vogue were invented, must close our quotations.

Our host was Mr. David Scaife, a scene-painter at Astley's Amphitheatre, but possessing many qualities connected with art. In his earlier days he was a water-colour draughtsman in Edinburgh, and disputed the palm with others of that profession, confined principally within the precincts of the Scottish metropolis, among whom I may mention Carfrae, W. H. Williams, afterwards known from his views in Greece, which gained him the soubriquet of Greek Williams. He had also for a competitor Alston, and the drawings of Farrington, the R. A., sent down annually to Scotland for sale. It may be worth mentioning, that at the time I allude to, the fashion began amongst water-colour painters to use a very rough drawing-paper manufactured by the Messrs. Whatman, which gave their works a richness of surface, still practised by the present artists. The printellers and dealers in drawings not only supplied the amateurs, but furnished the libraries with examples to be lent out to schools and pupils. These, our artist Scaife used to manufacture at two-and-sixpence each, and supply the shops, not by dozens but by hundreds. One of the great disseminators of such incentives to artistic knowledge was Finlay of Glasgow, who was answerable in his lifetime for the particular bias given to the taste of the present generation, reaching from the Gallowgate to the auld town of Kilmarnock. Detail could not be much expected in works manufactured at so cheap a rate. But the drawings of Scaife always possessed breadth of effect and chasteness of

colour, engendered by the works of Girtin, which at that time were in their zenith. How drawings of this excellence could be produced at so cheap a rate, may be a mystery to many. But the way Scaife took to produce this result was, by dividing a large sheet of Whatman's grand elephant into twelve compartments with pencil, and, having outlined in each a subject of rock, hill, or dale, according to his sketches, or his imagination, he then saturated the paper as thoroughly as a wet blanket, and laid it down on a table, and commenced with grey colour or neutral tint, until every subject was charged with its light and shade. The next process was to apply colour to suit the various designs, and then allowed the whole to dry; the consequence was, that it not only facilitated the advancement of the drawings, but gave a firmness and solidity to the manipulation. The detail was afterwards supplied by the hair pencil; and where lights were required, such as foliage, or small stones in the foreground, he touched them with water, and then rubbed the drawing (while the touches were wet) either with bread, or gave it a blow with the sleeve of his coat. The consequence was an appearance of finish, which effect he heightened by touching in shadows and portions of colour. I have been thus particular, as many of Turner's finest early drawings are conducted on the same principle. I have, perhaps, devoted too minute a description to the characteristics of this artist. But as he was the giver of the entertainment, it is but proper; besides which, I think something may be elicited in the way of art by dwelling on particulars.

HISTORY.

History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles the First to the Death of Cromwell. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by ANDREW R. SCOBLE. London: Richard Bentley.

It is impossible to open these volumes without a multitude of prefatory reflections. We do not intend to inflict a tithe of them on our readers. But who can read on these title-pages the name of Guizot, without indulging something more than a momentary thought of the associations connected with that name? It is bewildering, and almost terrible to follow this great man's career through the vast political cycle which has revolved since the first portion of this work appeared at Paris in April 1826. Of the motive powers of that cycle he has been a part, and no small part. But in those days, when Charles X. was the most gentlemanly monarch in Europe—when he and Polignac slumbered happily unconscious of a July and its three days—when no one ever dreamed of an Orleansist dynasty, and the sun of a Bonapartist autocracy had apparently set for ever—M. Guizot, then only known as a distinguished *littérateur*, had just quietly elaborated the first part of a work, which, in four divisions, was to comprise the history of our own great Revolution. The portion then given to the world began with the accession of Charles I., and ended with his decapitation. It was wonderfully faithful and impartial. It was minute, but never prolix: it was accurate, but never wearisome: it was a beautiful tale of stirring incident and melodramatic grandeur: it was told in language of singular simplicity—simplicity so striking and touching in some places as to remind us of Sévigné and La Fontaine and Rousseau. Its serenity was that of the classics; and its faults, if it had faults, were also those of the classics. People said it wanted animation—wanted fire—wanted all those qualities which make a Macaulay the most spirited and fascinating writer of the day. But it also wanted, or rather it was happily free from, all those gaudy purple patches, which form the chief texture of all cotemporary French literature, and from which even a Macaulay is not entirely exempt. The work itself was a success. Frenchmen applauded it: Englishmen delighted to survey the most important epoch of their history through the clear optics of an unprejudiced foreigner: all looked forward to the continuation, and wondered what treatment the great usurper would receive from the inflexible lover of English constitutional freedom. Time went on— portentous changes occurred—but M. Guizot's work remained indefinitely suspended. It was no wonder; for the speculative philosopher had become transformed suddenly into a man of action. The reveries of the seventeenth century

had become the living deeds of the nineteenth. The old régime fell a second time, and Philip of Orleans represented constitutional monarchy in France. Who so fit as François Guizot to be made his right hand? Accordingly it was so; and the political philosopher was called on to translate his theories into realities. Who knows not the sequel, though the end is far from yet? Thus much we know, that the reins, at first slack, and swaying uncertainly with the popular will, became gradually, either from treason or necessity, so tightened under his guidance, that they snapped suddenly, and king and charioteer, hurled from their pride of place, disappeared from the eyes of men. Then followed a mischievous era of Utopian dreams and anarchy, precisely analogous to that which followed the death of our Charles I. Then a similar collision between an impotent Legislature and an ambitious executive. It was by these lights—lurid interpreters of past events—that the ex-minister of Louis-Philippe, poor and in exile, but, philosopher-like, carrying his all about him, sat down to complete that second division of his work which is now presented in a translated form to the English reader.

While it was yet in progress, and when the Cromwell of our day was recent from his coup-d'état, the historian, again on his native soil, stood before him as the impersonation of the National Institute. "We are beginning to understand the character of Cromwell, and to appreciate it more justly," was the insinuating observation from the monarch to the author. The latter, "smiling, put the question by;" and yet he must have silently acquiesced in the proposition. It is painful to believe that there are crises in the history of nations when a community can be saved only by the most complete political perfidy and apostasy in individuals. If there be a doctrine more Machiavellian than another, we should be disposed to say this is it. And yet it is all but impossible to read the history of revolutions, or watch even the current of present events, without arriving at some such sad conclusion. Such at least is the moral of these volumes, as will be fully gathered, with their general scope, from their subjoined commencing paragraph. With regard to Mr. Scoble's share in them, we have only to say that it is meritorious, without being quite satisfactory. His style is copious, without being always lucid; and florid, without being always eloquent or picturesque. It is disfigured occasionally by Scotticisms which grate unpleasantly on an English ear. But these faults are too few and slight to impair its general value. Thus, then, M. Guizot heralds in his history of the English Republic.

In the previous portion of this history I have related the downfall of an ancient monarchy, and the violent death of a king who was worthy of respect, although he governed his people badly and unjustly. I have now to relate the vain efforts of a revolutionary assembly to found a republic; and to describe the ever-tottering, but strong and glorious government of a revolutionary despot, whose bold and prudent genius commands our admiration, although he attacked and destroyed, first legal order, and then liberty, in his native land. The men whom God chooses as the instruments of his great designs are full of contradiction and of mystery; in them are mingled and combined, in undiscoverable proportions, capabilities and failings, virtues and vices, enlightenment and error, grandeur and weakness; and after having filled the age in which they lived with the splendour of their actions and the magnitude of their destiny, they remain personally obscure in the midst of their glory, alternately cursed and worshipped by the world which does not know them.

Such is the programme of the present work. We propose in this article to trace out the great features of that contest which, first gradually and then violently, effected the transition from the despotism of a sect to the despotism of a man. In another we shall notice the unimpeded influence of that man's vast and arbitrary, but patriotic, genius on the fortunes of a great nation.

The blow had been struck. A great crime and a great error had been committed. The people were shocked and discontented; for there was no doubt that the most exalted person in the land had been put to death in the most unconstitutional manner. It did not mend the matter when it was said, as it was said very truly, that he was a weak man and a most faithless prince. It was true he had signed the Petition of Right, and laughed at it afterwards; that his foolish French Queen had induced him, in an uxorious mood, to attempt the arrest of the five members; and that many other equally serious treasons combined to make up the head and front of his offending. But

such divinity doth hedge a king at all times, that no amount of treasons can ever quiet the consciences of those who make him a subject of capital punishment. In this case, too, the nation felt they had been made accessories without having had a voice in the matter. New laws and unprecedented tribunals had done the work. It was not even a Parliament, but a small clique of military fanatics, who had brought it on and carried it through. When the Long Parliament met in 1640, it numbered 506 members. When its mutilated shadow appeared in the month after the King's execution, 77 members formed its largest division.

The nation murmured, but remained inactive. The Parliament quarrelled within doors, but acted vigorously outside. Their first step was to appoint a Council of State, consisting of forty-one of themselves, in whom all the practical functions of Government were vested. But difficulties presented themselves even here. The first pledge required from the new council was their signature to a declaration of approval of the King's execution, and the abolition of the House of Peers. Nineteen signed: twenty-two refused. The affair looked serious, but was compromised by a tacit amnesty of the past, in exchange for an oath of fidelity for the future. Still the country murmured; and a double reaction, of the most formidable kind, was advancing daily. The first danger came from the Royalists, whose loyalty had been infuriated by, and whose ranks had been filled with the proselytes of the *Eikon Basilike*. The peril was sharp and imminent; but the remedy was equally prompt and terrible. Five of their most distinguished leaders were tried, and condemned to death: three were executed. The second danger was of a more domestic cast. It came from that large mass of their own brethren to whose cause they were now supposed to be traitors. The age of pamphleteering had begun; and Republicans, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and Independents turned the new weapon to harassing account. Foremost in the band of malcontents, and resolutely ambitious of martyrdom, there stood a noisy demagogue named John Lilburne. He seems to have had neither principle nor talent; but, true to his calling, he attacked indiscriminately all existing things and rulers. Connected with him was a sect—whose views, notwithstanding their disclaimer, were sufficiently indicated by their name—the Levellers. Lilburne's pertinacious abuse procured him at length the coveted honour of apartments in the Tower, and a State Trial. He was indicted for divers libellous treasons; but the jury refused to convict him of all or any. Lilburne himself soon sank into his original obscurity; and his name is now only memorable as that of a worthless adventurer whom his resolute countrymen snatched from the persecution of a tyrannical Legislature.

But this mortification was slight, and the vengeance was signal. The immediate results are thus stated by M. Guizot.

The Parliament was greatly irritated by this defeat, which was far more offensive to its self-love than dangerous to its power; for, though Lilburne escaped from its hands, it retained its victory over the Levellers, who thenceforward gave up all attempts to rouse the country and army to rebellion, and remained satisfied with conspiring in secret. But this very victory was a futile one; the republican Government derived no increase of strength from its triumph; its enemies, the King, the Cavaliers, and the anarchists, all fell beneath its blows, and yet it found itself compelled to continue, and even to aggravate, the severity of its proceedings towards them. To the ancient statutes regarding treason it added new clauses of a more menacing character, for they provided that words should be considered equivalent to overt acts, and punished capitally. Though the office of licenser of the press was abolished, a law was passed enacting the most tyrannical prohibitions and inquisitions in reference to obnoxious publications; not only did it impose very heavy penalties on the authors, printers, vendors, and distributors of seditious writings, but even the purchasers were bound, within twenty-four hours, to surrender their purchase to the nearest magistrate. It forbade all printing, except in the four cities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, and York. The publication of journals or collections of news, and the trade in books, both at home and abroad, were placed entirely under the control of the Government. All hawkers and public singers were suppressed, and whenever any one was found exercising either of these callings, he was seized, and taken to a house of correction to be whipped as a common rogue; and a fine was inflicted on every magistrate who neglected to fulfil this provision of the law. The publication of the proceedings and debates before the High Courts of justice were strin-

gently prohibited. In contravention of the laws and traditions of the country, the House of Commons, in several instances, constituted itself a court of justice, and condemned offenders, whom it could not hope to reach in any other way, to severe penalties, to exile, to heavy fines, and even to the pillory. It enacted that no Cavaliers, Catholics, military adventurers, or other suspected persons, should be allowed to reside in London. When it found itself unable to bring any legal action against enemies of whom it stood in dread, it detained them arbitrarily in prison.

Triumphs by land and sea succeeded each other with marvellous rapidity. It seemed that this wonderful Parliament was ubiquitous and invincible. Ireland rebelled, and Ireland was trodden under foot. In Scotland the seed of Cadmus had been sown, and had sprung up in internecine strife, to the honour and profit of the Parliament. For the Scotch schismatics had rid them of one most dangerous enemy when they placed the head of the gallant Montrose on the west pinnacle of the new prison of Edinburgh; and they had themselves, with their half-clad type of royalty, been delivered into the hands of the chosen people—first when they came down from the hills above Dunbar; and, secondly, when the tartan and kilt heaped the blood-stained streets of Worcester. But they who take with the sword perish by the sword; and the latter catastrophe was destined to follow hard upon the first.

At home all was submission—abroad it was hardly less so. One by one, all the great European states—after exhibiting some real and much decorous horror of the regicide Commonwealth—first recognised its nationality, and then intrigued for its favour.

Spain led the way; but France soon prepared to contest the honours of international friendship with her. But the House met all advances with dignity, and even haughtiness. Under the guidance of Mazarin, Louis XIV. wrote a conciliatory letter. It was rejected because it was addressed to the *Members of Parliament* (*Gens du Parlement*), and not to the *Parliament of the English Republic*. M. de Bordeaux was sent over without the usual and formal credentials of ambassadors. The House refused to receive him. Soon Mazarin found it well to suggest to Anne of Austria the diplomatic sentiment, "that the laws of honour and justice ought never to clash with those of interest" (*les lois de l'honneur et de la justice ne doivent jamais rien faire qui soit contraire à celles de la prudence*); that all the sorrow in the world would not put the head of Charles I. on his shoulders again; that, in short, it would be desirable now for France to be fairly off with the old love, and well on with the new; and that, if Henrietta and her children must receive their passports from France, *soit fait comme il est désiré*. It was so done; and Mazarin accordingly bought, at a low price from the regicide Government, the beautiful Titians of the Royal Martyr.

In the mean time the Parliament had set their heads and hearts on perhaps the most chimerical scheme that ever beset a legislature of our temperate latitudes. What William III. forty years later was giving life and soul to effect, they were willing to give both to effect now. It was nothing less than, not merely an alliance, but a positive national identification, of the great Protestant powers of Europe. The first, and indeed the last, overtures were made to the United Provinces. Their failure there seems to have quenched the enthusiasm of even the Fifth Monarchy enthusiasts. The United Provinces were invited, first by argument, and then by menaces, to unite their government and national existence with those of England. They evaded, and ultimately refused, the request. The victors of Dunbar and Worcester chose to construe this refusal as an insult. War followed: a war remarkable only for a series of brilliant naval engagements—much bloodshed and an unprofitable peace. Tromp and Ruyter succumbed to Blake; and the first, or at most the second, illustrious page in our naval annals was written.

But German legends and modern melodramas have a right spirit of truth in them when they make Faust and Caspar purchase extraordinary worldly gifts by an alliance only with some deceptive demoniac agency. The great work was done, or all but done; the titular servant and real master now demanded his hire; and that hire was no less than the life and soul of his employer.

The Parliament had armed the strong hand that had wielded the sword of the Lord and of Gideon with such terrible effect in a hundred battles. They now sought to unarm it; but it turned on them, and they fell under it—and

great and deplorable was their fall. For they had now to deal with one in whom enthusiasm and dissimulation, piety and hypocrisy, appear to have been mingled in such equal proportions, that it is impossible even now for any one of us, after two hundred years, to lay a finger on any one action of his life, and affirm it confidently to have proceeded from either the one or the other element. Thus much seems to be at length clear, that he was a man by no means void of patriotism, and that of the purest and most elevated order. It is equally clear that that patriotism was associated with ambition of the most unscrupulous and merciless kind; and that his soul was of that vulgar clay which makes conquerors and pickpockets. Such men are respectable, and even honest enough, while neighbouring nations and policemen are awake and alert. But when the safe opportunity of personal gain presents itself, the will always, and the principle generally, are too weak to resist it.

Cromwell had conquered England, Ireland, and Scotland. He had now to conquer either himself or the Parliament. It is not improbable, although no known facts bear out the supposition, that, like Washington and Cavaignac, he may have attempted the former feat; but if so—unlike Washington and Cavaignac, and like every one else—he failed. After all, there was great excuse for him; but justification, none. When he resumed his seat in the House after Worcester, he found a noisy, wrangling set of fanatics attempting, as Mr. Carlyle would say, to make a constitution march which refused obstinately to march, and which could not be made to march, either on compulsion or persuasion. The want of a real working executive was felt everywhere. But the Legislature could not get through even its own theoretical share in the constitution. Bills were proposed and discussed, and then discussed again, and dropped; or passed in some impracticable form. There were disorders and discussions, which each day augmented to an alarming extent. The Parliament—long unpopular—from being hateful, had become simply contemptible to the nation. And on all these evils, and all these signs of feeling, the scrutinising and inscrutable eye of Cromwell was now fixed. Two remarkable conversations are given by M. Guizot, which abundantly indicate how slowly but surely the daring thought must have been gathering strength and form and purpose at this time. The first occurred in an interview, which took place at Cromwell's instance between him and some leading members of the House. He wished to ascertain whether they would object to the restoration of a monarchy in his person. The conversation was a curious compound of unmistakable innuendoes; but the result was unfavourable to the General. The second, some weeks later, and not many months before the blow was struck, was with Whitelocke. Whitelocke was a man of much tact, great influence, and little principle—one of those men who have their price, but whose price is a high one. The interview resembled strangely one between Peacham and Lockit. After an elaborate interchange of the pedantic compliments of the time, Cromwell inveighed bitterly against

The pride, ambition, and self-seeking of the Parliament; their daily breaking forth into new and violent parties and factions; their delays of business, and design to perpetuate themselves, and to continue the power in their own hands; their meddling in private matters between party and party, contrary to the institution of Parliaments, and their injustice and partiality in these matters; and the scandalous lives of some of the chief of them.

The remedy—again shadowed out rather than expressed—for these inconveniences was as before; and the objection taken, and reluctantly admitted was, that Cromwell's position was already nearly as strong as it could be; and that, if royalty were re-established, all the old associations of the nation would point to the exiled heir of the Stuarts.

Cromwell was silenced, but hardly, it would appear, convinced. There is no doubt that his object and even purpose at this time were to have himself ultimately proclaimed King of England. All his confidential language and apparent policy tended to this end. In the mean while the Parliament—at length perfectly aware of the impending conflict—was making extraordinary efforts to gain a late popularity.

Never had it manifested so much anxiety to give satisfaction to the wishes of the country; law reform, the alleviation of the condition of the poor, the measures necessary for securing the preaching of the

Gospel, and the maintenance of its ministers in every part of the empire,—indeed all questions of a popular character, whether civil or religious, were the subjects of repeated discussion and deliberation; and those great political acts which were calculated to throw lustre on the ruling power, such as the union of England and Scotland, the settlement of the affairs of Ireland, and the necessities of the war with the United Provinces, were incessantly under debate. The Government strove hard to obtain a little dignity or favour from every available source. But most of these attempts resulted in nothing; debates were indefinitely prolonged and resumed, conferences and reports of committees were multiplied to no effect, resolutions which seemed decisive were revoked or called in question. The Parliament was evidently under the sway of a continuous perplexity, which urged it to redouble its efforts, at the same time that it doomed them to unproductiveness. Cromwell, on his side, was not exempt from anxiety and hesitation; he had frequent conversations, sometimes with the officers only, sometimes with the officers and members of Parliament together, and sometimes even with Presbyterian or other ministers, whom he consulted as it were upon a case of conscience, in order to bring them over to his views: but he sometimes met with opposition as frank and decided as his own words were indiscreet and passionate. At one of these conferences, Dr. Edmund Calamy, a preacher of great eminence in the city, boldly opposed the system of a sole ruler as unlawful and impracticable. Cromwell answered readily upon the first head of unlawful, and appealed to the safety of the nation being the supreme law. "But," said he, "pray, Mr. Calamy, why impracticable?" Calamy replied, "Oh! 'tis against the voice of the nation; there will be nine in ten against you." "Very well," said Cromwell; "but what if I should disarm the nine, and put a sword into the tenth man's hand, would not that do the business?" This bold language on the part of a conqueror, whose prowess had so often been tried, proved sufficiently seductive to most of the bystanders, but filled others with alarm.

Every day now strengthened Cromwell's hands, and weakened those of the Parliament. It was to no purpose that the army was reduced; the reduction only served to consolidate Cromwell's supremacy over the residue. It was in vain that warning voices were raised; the nation was deaf to them, or only welcomed the threatened catastrophe. The House was doomed; and it was doomed to fall by suicide as much as by external violence. Lilburne's rabid voice was heard again, and silenced by an enormous and arbitrary penalty. On the other hand, agents and accomplices in acts of gross corruption were treated with an equally misplaced leniency.

These excessive severities and favours were equally odious on the part of an assembly worn out by its prolonged existence as much as by its numerous mistakes, mutilated by its own hands, still full of discord, notwithstanding the smallness of its numbers, which even the defeat of its enemies at home had not strengthened, and which abroad was daily involving the country more deeply in a ruinous war against the only Protestant and republican nation among its neighbours. The public weariness and disgust were manifested on every side; a multitude of pamphlets, which daily became more insolent in their tone, were in circulation; contempt was mingled with hatred; ironical refutations were published of the declarations "of the imaginary Parliament of the unknown Commonwealth of England;" and it was loudly called upon to make way for an assembly of better men. The House, in great irritation, ordered the Council of State "to suppress the weekly pamphlets, or any other books that go out to the dishonour of the Parliament and prejudices of the Commonwealth," and gave it powers "to imprison the offenders, and to inflict such other punishment on them as they shall think fit." But neither the anger of the House, nor the powers of the Council of State, were any longer sufficient to repress the hostility of a public who felt they had Cromwell for their ally. The Parliament struggled in vain to live; it was wanting at once in moral force and in material strength; united at length in a common antipathy, neither the people nor the army would any longer tolerate its existence.

But the sum of public discontent was filled when it was known that the expected dissolution, in which the most moderate saw their last hope, was only to be nominally one. It was to be fixed for the 3rd of November, 1653; but the acting members of the existing Parliament were to remain *de jure* members of the new one; they were to be, in committee, sole judges of the validity of the new elections; and they were previously to exercise almost unlimited powers of enfranchisement and disfranchisement.

Cromwell had bided his time, and it had now come. Never before—and only once since—has the world seen such an anomaly as was now complete. On the one side stood an isolated Legis-

lature, disowned by the people who had chosen it to represent them. On the other, stood the great mass of the nation, sanctioning, and even applauding, the subversion of their constitution, and the destruction of their liberties by the unanswerable logic of military force. But they were neither slaves nor fools. They thought the disease desperate; and that, therefore, none ought to object the desperation of the remedy.

On the 19th of April, 1653, a large party of civilians and military men assembled at Cromwell's house. Cromwell proposed the forcible dissolution of the House; and that a Council of Forty should be entrusted provisionally with the government, until a new Parliament could be called. A stormy discussion followed; the civilians generally opposed; St. John and the officers supported the proposition. The party broke up without coming to any conclusion; but reassembled the next day. Nothing like secrecy seems to have been enjoined or observed; Cromwell felt his strength too sensibly. The discussion was still going on, when he was informed that the House was sitting, and on the point of passing the Dissolution Bill. Cromwell's last real or assumed vacillation vanished. He hastened to the House, followed by his officers and a detachment of soldiers. The scene which followed is familiar to every one. The Speaker was pulled from his chair; the members were turned out of the House; the mace, "that bauble," carried away; and the doors locked on the Long Parliament. M. de Bordeaux, writing to M. Servien, thus describes the national feeling on the occasion—

Tout le peuple universellement se réjouit, et pareillement la noblesse, de la généreuse action du Général Cromwell, et de la chute du Parlement qui est fort vilipendé en la bouche d'un chacun. On a écrit sur la maison du Parlement :

This house is now to be let unfurnished. Et on chante des chansons partout contre eux. Il s'en vendait une publiquement que le Général Cromwell, par sa grande modération, a commandé de n'être plus chanté, et en a fait supprimer quarante mille exemplaires qui ont été pris chez l'imprimeur. On ne laisse pas d'en vendre sous main.

M. Guizot's first volume ends with these memorable events. In another article we shall follow him through his second volume, in a rapid survey of the independent career and marvellous government of England's greatest magistrate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE Author of *Mary Powell* has commenced a series of *The Chronicles of Merry England*, a history written in chronicle style, and affecting some of its quaintnesses, to which we object, as to all affectations and imitations. This first volume advances no further than the reign of Stephen. It is pictorially written, and therefore well calculated for young persons, and we can recommend it for school and family reading.

—The second volume of *Gibbon's History of Rome*, forming a part of "Bohn's British Classics." Notwithstanding the furious attack made upon it in the *Athenæum* by a writer who is probably in the interest of a rival edition of the "British Classics," there is no doubt that the public give the preference to this one. It is possible that a few errors may creep into such elaborate notes as are here collected; but they are unavoidable and unimportant, and doubtless an equal quantity might be detected by a hostile writer in any similar work. But for beauty of typography and fulness of information combined with cheapness, Mr. Bohn's edition of Gibbon and the other Classics will command the preference of the public.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Kazan, the Ancient Capital of the Tartar Khans. By EDWARD TRACY TURNERELLI. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

A Visit to Portugal and Madeira. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. London: Chapman and Hall.

Purple Tints of Paris; Character and Manners in the New Empire. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

JUST now the world is inundated with books about Russia and the frontier lands that bound her upon the West and South. With these the public mind is becoming tolerably familiar, and in every company regions hitherto unknown, even by name, are talked about as familiarly as Switzerland and the Rhine. We are beginning already to weary of the iteration; and more especially in our critical capacity are we nauseated by the trash that is poured forth in an

incessant stream, by authors and publishers who hope to seize the market that just now is open for the readiest rather than for the most trustworthy information.

Amid this hurly-burly of bad books upon an exhausted theme, it is pleasant to take up a good book, that has novelty of subject to recommend it. Such is Mr. Turnerelli's *Kazan*, which carries us from the western to the eastern frontiers of the great empire that is fighting now for the rule of the world, and there describes one of its absorbed nationalities—the extreme section of the multitudinous Tartar race, which Russia has already taken to herself, and with whose brethren she must some day or other find herself face to face fighting for the mastery, as now she is with the powers of Western Europe. Coming from a land so entirely strange to Englishmen, where all was new to the traveller, it was impossible for Mr. Turnerelli to be other than full of interest for all who love an adventurous spirit, and who can follow a traveller with the same breathless attention with which they would pursue the fortunes of a hero of romance.

But the reader should be apprised that our traveller is a thorough-going partisan of Russia. He worships the Emperor, he admires the people, he approves the policy of the Empire. Nor will this excite any surprise, when the reader learns that a portion of *Kazan* was originally published at St. Petersburg. It has, however, been greatly added to, and the sketches of travel have been extended to an historical and topographical narrative of the Tartar Khans, and descriptions of Kazan, their ancient city.

It is, therefore, a work of solid information, not to be thrown aside when read, but to be preserved for reference. Its merits should recommend it to the book-clubs as well as to the circulating-libraries. One cannot gallop over it in the three days allowed by the latter. It is not to be skimmed over, but to be studied.

A few passages will exhibit the style, and interest our readers.

This is a strange

TARTAR FESTIVAL.

This festival is kept in all parts of Russia with about the same ceremonies; everywhere it forms a period of revelry and pleasure; in Kazan, however, it has some peculiarities worthy of notice. During this week, thousands of Tartars, each of whom brings with him a rude sledge harnessed with three horses abreast, throng from the neighbouring villages to this ancient capital of their forefathers. The object of this annual visit is to gain a little money, by affording the poorer classes of Kazan the pleasure of a drive during this epoch of general festivity. So insignificant is the price they require, that there are none so poor as not to be able to find means of enjoying this favourite amusement. You may be driven three miles for a penny, and the driver will be delighted into the bargain. But this custom is not without its inconvenience. These demi-savages drive to and fro through the town with such rapidity, and in such numbers, that it becomes an equal matter of impossibility to walk as to move in one's own equipage. In the first case, the pedestrian incurs at every moment the risk of being run over and crushed to death by these semi-barbarians; and in the second, it is ten chances to one that your horse's legs will be broken and sledge shattered, ere you arrive at the place of your destination. There is no other way of avoiding these evils, but that of making use one's-self of these wretched and inconvenient conveyances. More than once the authorities of Kazan have endeavoured to put an end to this annual and unwelcome visit; but, as this custom has been established for several centuries, it has hitherto resisted all the attempts that have been made to abolish it.

Although winter reigns in Kazan for the greater portion of the year, the people make the best of it, and defy the severities of the season after this pleasant fashion:—

WINTER MERRYMAKINGS.

The brief summer in Kazan glides rapidly by, and autumn follows with lowering skies and damp mists. At this period, the violent winds which war with nature, the storms of sleet and hail with which they are ever accompanied, and which are the heralds of the rude Siberian winter fast approaching, warn the inhabitants of Kazan that it is high time to quit their country estates, and seek a shelter in their town habitations. This prudent measure is generally adopted about the beginning of October—a date at which the winter season in Kazan may be said to commence. Once reassembled, an important business now occupies every mind, and becomes the topic of general conversation; this is, how to render the coming winter as gay and amusing as possible. These urgent measures, the subject of much wise calculation and serious reflection, once decided on, then begins the vortex-whirl of intoxicating pleasures into which the nobility Kazan plunge with extraordinary

eagerness. Masquerades, balls, *déjeuners* and *soirées dansantes*, routs, dinners, sledge-parties, concerts, and other amusements, follow each other in uninterrupted succession. During this period, I may safely affirm that scarce a single day passes unmarked by one or other of the pastimes; and on holidays and festivals it often happens that a *déjeuner dansant*, a sledge-party, and a ball take place on the same day, thus giving the lovers of Tersichore an opportunity of dancing from two o'clock in the afternoon to three or four o'clock in the morning—sixteen hours being often in this manner devoted to this bewildering pastime! So passionate is the attachment of the inhabitants of Kazan to the dance, that their first measures on their arrival from their country estates are devoted to the organisation of balls and parties. The Tuesdays and Fridays for the whole season are consecrated to *soirées dansantes*, at the assembly-rooms of the nobility. It is an established custom for the governor-general to give a dress-ball once a week. There are so many competitors for the remaining evenings that it becomes a difficult matter to decide upon the choice; and not unfrequently the point of possession becomes a subject of dispute and quarrel; for every Kazan noble who has a house, and a fortune however small to entertain it, considers it a great and important duty in his turn to afford his friends and acquaintances the means (*coute qui coute*) of enjoying this favourite amusement. It must be owned, however, that the balls which take place in Kazan are of no mean description. No expense is spared to make the entertainment as brilliant as possible; and I have been present at parties of this nature in Kazan which would cast in the shade many of our vaunted balls of London and Paris. The rooms elegantly furnished—rich chandeliers with innumerable tapers, shedding around an almost dazzling light—the staircase lined in the depth of winter with odiferous flowers and fragrant plants taken from hot-houses and orangeries—the ladies blazing in diamonds, and dressed with an elegance and good taste which would do no discredit to the saloons of Paris—a multitude of servants, dressed in splendid liveries, stationed at every door and at every entrance—the whole terminating with an expensive supper, at which no luxury is spared that the season can offer, and at which the choicest wines flow in abundance: such is the true picture of a *bal paré* in Kazan, and an affair of constant occurrence. The inhabitants of this town, who spare no expense in all that relates to their pleasures, are never more profuse than in the preparation for entertainments of this nature, which, whatever be the cost, is considered a failure unless it surpass in some respect that of the preceding evening.

A visit from the Grand Duke was the occasion of a great popular festival; and, among other entertainments, the reader will be amused with this account of

A BALL IN KAZAN.

Around the saloon, built in the form of an open gallery, might be seen in every direction thousands of persons, of various classes and callings—merchants, peasants, workmen, priests, monks, soldiers, &c. &c. The trees and roofs of the neighbouring houses were likewise covered with spectators; in fact, from the saloon where we were standing, nothing could be seen but a vast amphitheatre of human heads, while the variety of the costumes contributed to increase the effect of the scene. The garden likewise had been brilliantly illuminated. Two orchestras of musicians were stationed at the two extremities of the hall, which, I repeat, had been decorated with a richness and elegance that did honour to the good taste of the inhabitants of Kazan. Need I say that I contemplated with astonishment so much magnificence. But what most excited my surprise was to find assembled in the saloon men of twelve different nations. Never did ball-room offer a more varied or more interesting assemblage than this. One might have supposed it to be rather a masquerade than a dress-ball, so great was the variety of costumes which we beheld; and I verily believe that no other town in the world, save Kazan, could have found means to present a similar spectacle. First, there were to be seen numerous generals clad in their full-dress uniforms, richly embroidered with gold and silver, officers of various regiments, horse-guards, hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, all in *grande tenue*; the civil functionaries likewise clad in embroidered uniforms, and of a cut and style quite novel for me. There were assembled, moreover, in that little space, Russians, Tartars, Mongols, Cossacks, Persians, Turks, Armenians, Poles, Germans, a few Frenchmen and Italians, an Englishman (!), and even a Lama of Thibet! Picture to yourself, gentle reader, a similar medley! Beside the Russian ladies, so gracefully dressed in accordance with the latest journal of French fashion, might be seen the wives and daughters of the Russian merchants, clad in their national costume, and wearing the *saraphan* and the *kak-schnick*, and mingled with the wives of the most opulent of the Tartars, in their rich costumes of massive embroidery, their faces hidden beneath a thick veil of cloth of gold. The Russian kaftan formed a contrast with the Tartar khalat, the Turkish turban with the tschokha of the Persians and the Mongols, the uniform of the guards with that of the Cossacks, the severe military costume with the plain but elegant dress of the present day.

All this strongly rivetted my attention and excited my interest; and when, in addition to this scene, I contemplated the magnificence of the ball-room, the ease and elegance of the society, the good taste which had been evinced even in the most minute arrangements of the ball, I was forced, I repeat, to acknowledge that the scene before me seemed to partake of the marvellous, considering the isolated position of this town, so remote from the centre of the civilised world. Such was the singular aspect under which the society of this town first presented itself to my notice. Such was the ball at which I assisted on the second day of my arrival. Thanks to the kindness of my *compagnon de voyage*, Mirza Kazembeck, I did not long remain a stranger to the assembled throng; for, taking me by the hand, he introduced me in succession to each of his friends, so that in the space of a few minutes I had formed the acquaintance of almost all the principal families of the town. An Englishman was a kind of *rara avis* in Kazan: this circumstance, joined to the natural hospitality of the Russians, procured me a warm *accueil* from all parties, who were profuse in kind invitations and friendly expressions of welcome. In about half-an-hour after our arrival the news spread that the Grand Duke was approaching. As he drew near, the two bands of musicians immediately commenced playing the national hymn of "*Bojé Tzara Khrany*," a literal translation of "God save the King." On entering the saloon he was all smiles, all affability, and seemed perfectly pleased with all he witnessed, and willing to enjoy himself as much as possible. Preparations were now made for opening the ball; but the saloon was so crowded, and so many pairs were desirous of joining in the quadrilles, that there was scarcely room for moving, much less for dancing. This difficulty was removed by a proposition which the Grand Duke made, to use the lawn for the dance. "We shall have plenty of room," said he merrily, "and cool, refreshing air to boot. And we shall enjoy the advantage," added he with a smile, "of being seen by, and of seeing, those honest people who are perched in such numbers upon the trees and house-tops." To the lawn accordingly the whole of the company retired; several quadrilles were formed, the Grand Duke selecting some of the principal ladies of the society to be his partner in the dance, at which he assisted till an early hour of the morning, when he retired with the same demonstrations of affection which had marked his entry, and leaving the society enchanted with his affability and condescension.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley has no control over her pen. She mingles in the most perplexing manner sense and nonsense, genius and folly, poetry and prosiness, "fine frenzies" and frenzies that are *not* fine. Here we have a page or two of which any living writer might be proud; then half-a-dozen pages of which a school-girl ought to be ashamed. It seems more like wilfulness in her than unconsciousness. We can scarcely believe that one who can write so well should not know that she is writing so ill. We are the less inclined to excuse her faults, because she proves incontestably that she can do better when she pleases; and we are provoked that so much good is marred by mingling it with so much that is positively bad. This volume is an account of a recent visit to Portugal, and a short residence in Lisbon, out of which she contrives to spin 500 pages. But how? Let the reader judge from this rhapsody on

PEACE AND PROGRESS.

Seem not the deathless stars above to lean out of the argent-paved sky to meet and greet them on their high advance—even those bright-armoured sentinels, that appear ever standing on the beamy battlements of the empyreal, overhanging heights? And they, the immortal adventurers, inspired and armed with exhaustless prowess of soul, they hang the out-blazing crowns of all their purple victories on these consenting, beatific stars—that glow with an added brightness—and pass on! Yea! they pass on to gain yet more triumphant and surpassing victories! Yea! so they pass onward and proceed, since they may not—must not—dare to pause upon their effulgent path and pilgrimage of achievement and high persistency. And let them go, and let them still rush onward, and meet and wear on their confronting foreheads the kindling morning of new expectancy and fresh fruition. There is no end to the proud deeds to be wrought, to the successes to be accomplished, to the treasures to be disclosed, to the wonders to be compassed, or the secrets to be discovered. Let them go gloriating on! On all sides, above, beneath, around, the world-peopled, sun-strewn universe, in the boundless state of its tremendous magnificence, awaits them! It awaits them with crowns, and pomps, and triumphs, and acclamings, and with mighty exaltations, and rejoicings, and endowments, and enfranchisements, and songs, and illuminations. And with endless beauty, and grandeur, and splendour, and fervour, and ecstasy, it is prepared to guerdon their superb audacity, and do honour to their honest dignity of resolve, and to the sovereign hardihood of their imposing defiance, and thrice-magnanimous and stately

challenge. Wars? Aye! but these are wars of life and love, of hope and joy.

But Lady Wortley can do better things. As witness

A STREET SCENE IN MADEIRA.

Next come a party of little children, in a sort of family palanquin, going to some juvenile party, with white shoes and transparent-looking, snowy frocks, and with their hair coquettishly adjusted, and plentifully besprinkled with geraniums and other flowers. Another set come toddling down the street, putting their little, dancing-pump-shod feet down gingerly on the pebbly, hard pavement, and looking like minute opera-dancers, with their short and very full skirts. Look at those two white round balls rolling down the street; they approach nearer; they look like young balloons, crowned with light wreaths of flowers, or rather like little birds of Paradise, caught in great circular muslin cages. There must be a native child's dance to-night; and the precious darlings go tripping along in full fig, with their pretty uncovered heads and unclashed forms, making the street bright as they pass. No occasion here for careful mammas to wrap the small shawl round the fay-like figure, or tie a handkerchief under the dimpled chin, and about the slender-rounded throat. Next comes an extraordinary-looking vehicle, drawn by a pair of stately bullocks, whose place seems, at the first glance, as if it should be within and not outside the fabric that follows them; for it a little suggests the idea of a small Noah's ark with the roof taken off. However, on closer inspection this curiosity of coachmaking rather improves: it seems a mixture of *char-à-banc*, barouche, triumphal car, washing-tub, sledge, dray, dust-cart, artillery-wagon, caravan, wheelbarrow, whale-boat, hearse, omnibus, vat, van, and merry-go-round. It contains, apparently, two or three families. I believe it belongs to some foreign merchant established here. It must require patience, indeed, to sit behind those plodding slow oxen: you watch the nondescript conveyance, not unlike a gigantic snail-shell following in a funeral procession of one of the horned and slimy tribe, and before you can discern positively that it is verily moving,—with a vast deal of bustle and of exertion,—it is actually got a little out of the way, for it has to make room in the narrow street for a gay equipage, which, whirled along by two spirited horses, flashes by, driven by a smart gentleman, who might pass muster in Hyde-park. His carriage is something like a phaeton, with a dash of the curricie, I think. The gentleman, I understand, is a native of the island—the mirror of all Madeira fashion—the Brummel of Funchal. Next come a company of peasants from the country: let us describe the group. One or two of them are handsome-looking people, who make a favourable impression even in their curious head-dress; bedecked with which, let me observe, the wearer requires considerable beauty not to be very ugly. When it is placed above a good-looking physiognomy and well-formed head, however, it is as picturesque as it is striking. This head-dress is very peculiar: it is a sort of black funnel-shaped cap, with a long narrow peak, often worn so that it projects as if out of the forehead.

Contrast with this.

A RAG FAIR AT LISBON.

This fair is known by the curious name of the Fair of the She-Thief (Feira da Ladra). A mystery hangs round the origin of this name, not a very complimentary one to the Lisbon dames and damsels engaged in it—it a Portuguese Rag-fair. The difficulty in describing this would be to say what is not there. On all sides you see a heterogeneous assemblage of articles, animate and inanimate. If there is a chaos of sights, there is a Babel of sounds and a mizmaze of smells. The most antipodean articles are placed in juxtaposition, as if to meet at the same moment the most eccentric and *inconsequent* tastes. Birdcages and donkeys, gallipots and Sunday gowns, gridions and garters, cracked fiddles and worn-out horses, mules and umbrellas, plaster-of-Paris Venuses and Jupiters and broken bottles, crockery-ware and cloaks, singing-birds and blunderbusses, and feather beds and ribbons, saucepans, tooth-picks, and milking-pails, ploughshares and pincushions, books and bedsteads, cart-wheels and artificial flowers, farthing-candles and nuts, flower-pots and shaving-pots, toasting-forks, halters and cradles, wheelbarrows and old wigs, pictures, tongs, garden-rakes, pepper-casters, shoes, oranges, pins, sponges, portmanteaus, carving-knives, pill-boxes, seals, spurs, lace, cheese, pocket-handkerchiefs, wash-hand basins, horse-collars, soap, spectacles, castor-oil, ear-rings, and kettles. These may be taken approximately as the kinds and varieties of queer commodities displayed at the "Feira." The exhibitors of these promiscuous wares are not unworthy of notice themselves. If they fancy you are in your first green days of young touring, and are thoroughly inexperienced in the ways of the Feira da Ladra, they will, perhaps, ask you twenty times as much as the article you have selected is worth; but if they think you know something about it, they will only demand, modestly, eight or ten times its value. This motley bazaar is often quite a place of fashionable resort, and has been honoured by visits from royalty. It is, indeed, a spot where curiosities and comicalities are rife.

O, si sic omnia!

Mr. Bayle St. John was an ardent republican. In common with many enthusiasts, he looked upon the establishment of a republic in France as the millennium of democracy—probably esteemed in his romantic imagination as the reign of public virtue and private worth, when there should be no pride, no oppression, no dishonesty, and plenty for everybody, with the least possible quantity of work. Mr. Bayle St. John found the reality very different indeed from the anticipation. The Republic was an admitted failure—the Empire a political necessity. Thereupon Mr. Bayle St. John proceeded to speculate upon the causes of the disappointment to the eager hopes of European democracy which France had so provokingly exhibited, and he finds it in the universal moral corruption of the people. The two volumes upon our table contain a series of sketches of Paris and its inhabitants, as seen by himself, which are a sort of evidence, we presume, put forth to justify the conclusion at which he has arrived. But in this we cannot agree with him. Democracy has not failed in France because of any special vices in existing Frenchmen, but because it is essentially unsuited to an old community—for the same reason that it has failed wherever it has been tried in Europe, and as it would fail here, where, happily for us, it has not been tried.

This, however, by-the-by. The world will care very little for the reasonings of Mr. St. John; but it will read with very great interest the facts on which he professes to have founded them. His experiences of common life have been extensive, but not select. He has evidently known more of the *Quartier Latin* than of St. Germain. His acquaintances lay chiefly with the Students and Grisettes, very little with the upper classes, as is apparent from the reality and graphic truth of the sketches of the former, and the vague manner with which everything is stated that relates to the latter. But then he has chosen by far the most interesting phases of character, and his favourite classes make a better and more readable book than could have been made out of more aristocratic circles. A few passages from the *Purple Tints of Paris* will more recommend it than any measure of praise we could give to it.

Here is a capital sketch of

A FRENCH LADY.

There seems to be an idea prevalent amongst us that a French lady is a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house or away from the house, but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This is far from being the real state of the case. So few families in France may be called wealthy, that most of the bright things we sometimes see in public are compelled very practically to look after their own affairs at home. There are, of course, exceptions among the upper *bourgeoisie*, and in the Faubourg St. Germain, sufficient to form a class; but what we should call mere fashionables are quite rare in Paris—the city of elegance and intrigue. Half the ladies who attend the Imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day, scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of their casseroles. A really elegant dame spends the morning at her toilette, and is ready to be admired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses, from four to five, gentlemen call in, and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected; and her husband is away making calls on his own account. If he were to remain, and be present at his wife's reception, he would be considered simply ridiculous; and this is a thing which he most especially avoids. Many Frenchmen would rather be what they often are than run the risk of being supposed to be guarding against such an accident. These afternoon meetings, however, are very pleasant; and, when the lady of the house is clever and lively, are, perhaps, superior in enjoyment to the *soirées*. A woman is never seen to so much advantage as when no rivals are present. She is then conscious of exercising undivided sway; none of her powers are wasted in spiteful watching for defects in others, and there is no maliciousness in her amiability. If there be a drawback to the delight of these meetings, it is in the frequent presence of the thing called a *fat* in French—answering somewhat to our dandy. He may be distinguished (if the observation of a philosopher may be depended on) by his decisive and yet disconnected conversation, the lightness of his judgments, the temerity of his censures, the indiscretion of his narratives, the bad taste of his jokes, the false brilliance of his witticisms, the affectation of his manners, the impudence of his mien, the familiarity of his address, the conceit of his attitude, and the self-satisfied air of constraint diffused over his whole person. We see at once that his mind, like his feet, is in tight boots. Some of these bright youths imitate the voice of women; others affect lisping; others avoid, like Orientals, names of ill-augury—as death, bankruptcy, duelling, and so forth. At the same time they are fond of using, on the slightest occasion, such words as despair, horror, frightful, monstrous,

tremendous, magnificent. The highest point to which this lamentable absurdity has ever risen was, perhaps, in the case of the Count D'Esarre, who, being very beautiful, fancied himself to be Cupid, and went so mad that he ran about with a bow and quiver for his only costume.

Here is a

SCENE FROM THE COUP D'ETAT.

The impression of abject fear produced on the minds of the vast majority of that gallant nation of France was so great, that it has not yet disappeared. I know individuals who still continue physically to tremble from the horror produced at that time. A hand touched me on the shoulder. I turned round with a start. It was Alexis. "Come home after me," said he. The word *after* was expressive. It meant, that if we walked together we might be taken for conspirators. I followed him at a little distance, and, in a turn or two, we reached the door of his house. A lad of seventeen came running out, with sparkling eyes and face flushed with excitement. "Where are you going?" said Alexis. "To fetch my gun," he cried. He was too young as yet to feel the craven feeling which was creeping over the whole mind of France. "Come in," muttered we; let us talk. Our solemn faces chilled his enthusiasm, and we went up together into the atelier, which we found had been chosen as a rendezvous by several young men—most of those who had spent the evening with us, and several others. The artists were all sitting before easels, pretending to draw or to paint. The others, two law students and a dramatic writer, formed a group round the stove. Alexis looked rather uneasy at this assemblage, and muttered something against his porter for having given the key in his absence. The idea of self-preservation, so fatal to energetic resolutions, had forced itself even into his mind. However, by the mysterious effect of contact, the whole of our little party soon resumed its republican attitude. One was placed at the door to listen if any one came up-stairs, whilst the others discussed the events of the night, as yet imperfectly known. From time to time one or two went down into the street to gather the rumours that were flying about. I shall never forget that meeting. We were eight or ten of us. The room was but half lighted, partly because the weather was dismal, partly because the curtains were purposely let down. The details of the discussion, however, are not so completely fixed on my memory, because the principal incident is too strongly impressed. About an hour after our assembling, several of the young men were employed in melting balls from a piece of lead, which had been hidden ever since the days of June behind an old chest of drawers. There was no longer any conversation, but one of the party, sometimes sitting, sometimes half-rising, with his hands outstretched and turned down, as if to allay the sound of the voices, was singing the "Marseillaise" in an under tone. When they came to the chorus, there was now and then a dangerous burst upon the words "*Aux armes!*" after which the rest was rather hissed and muttered than sung. The light of a little earthenware furnace, over which they were melting the lead in a soup ladle, glared upon the pale faces of the conspirators. Suddenly, a rapid step was heard on the staircase. The materials of war were hidden with almost undignified hurry. The painters rushed to their easels, and the others began to load their pipes with pallid indifference. Some one knocked, and a well-known voice asked for admission. A tall, elegant young man came in, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his paletot. He seemed as if he wanted to get rid of them altogether. "It is all up," said he, when the door was closed. "*Les ouvriers ne donnent pas*"—(the workmen don't give or act). He then showed us his hands, covered with dirt and blood. He had been employed with some few others in going from place to place, beginning barricades, tearing up the paving-stones with his hands, and expecting that, as of old, the workmen, once the example set, would come out to complete and man them. They had not done so, for they, likewise, were frightened.

Mr. St. John entertains a very mean opinion of the modern French soldier; but then, it must be remembered, he is a disappointed Republican—a foe to the existing order of things.

THE SOLDIERS OF FRANCE.

The old *entraîn*, love of glory, enthusiasm, fondness for the smell of powder, have disappeared. The soldier is no longer preëminently a fighting animal, but an employé, bent on gaining his salary with as little trouble as possible. The heads of the military profession—the Vaillants, the Changarniers, the Cavaignacs, the Lamoricières—are ignorant of this state of things, and, being moved by a sort of historical enthusiasm, believe that the old cry of "Glory! glory! glory!" would suffice. "This," said he, "is a mistake. The old poetical courage has disappeared, to make way for a kind of ferocity. The soldier is angry against whoever forces him to fight—as angry against his chiefs as against the enemy. This explains why he massacres after victory—to revenge the fear he has himself experienced. His degeneracy began under Louis Philippe, when corruption overtook everybody; and thus is explained, in part, the inefficiency of the army in 1848. In June of that year, especially, who-

ever was present at the Ministry of War must know that aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp arrived, saying, 'Les troupes ne donnent pas: il n'y a que la Garde Mobile qui donne.' In December 1851, the troops massacred with rage at being obliged to expose their lives; and it is well known that a whole regiment retreated in disorder three times from a barricade defended by thirty men. The same cause explains the cruelties of the African wars. If war ever take place, the troops will fight methodically, because it is their profession; but it will be some time before the heroic feeling gets up. The only war that would really be popular would be a descent upon England, because there is an impression that we are defenceless, and that there would be an immense booty to get." These views are, perhaps, a little exaggerated; but they seem tolerably well based on facts. At any rate, they are not mere satire, but the serious conviction of a very calm thinker. He particularly insisted on the tendency of the officers to become mere employés, expecting advancement from seniority, and calculating their receipts just like the clerks in Government offices.

THE WAR BOOKS.

The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, with a view of the present state of affairs in the East. By Colonel CHESNEY, R.A., D.C.L., F.R.S., Author of "The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris." With Maps. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co. 1854.

A Visit to Belgrade. Translated by JAMES WHITTLE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.

A Word to the British Public before entering into Hostilities with Russia. London: Golbourn.

The Big Bully of Europe and the blasphemous "Te Deum." London: Printed for the Author.

Shall Turkey Live or Die? By THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq. London: T. Bosworth.

"The natural state of man," said Hobbes, "is war." "War is an evil to be dreaded," writes Colonel Chesney, "which must fall the heavier on Europe, in consequence of the prosperity which has been the result of thirty-six years of peace."

Where, alas!—and echo answers Where—has been the peace of Europe for the last thirty-six years? Amongst the fruit of the Holy Alliance, of the treaty of Vienna, of the gigantic efforts and sacrifices made by England to consolidate the trembling despotisms of the North? Has peace consoled for past misfortunes the inhabitants of Poland, of Hungary, of the Danubian provinces, and of the East? Passive endurance of wrong is not peace, although it may become the "established order" of declining states.

Lest our readers should be induced, by these remarks, to mistake Colonel Chesney's view of the subject, we quote his own words in continuation.

TURKEY AND HER ALLIES.

It may therefore be asked whether a serious mistake has not been made by appearing to put faith in the peace protestations of Russia, and allowing her to pass the Pruth without considering this as an act of war. Had Turkey determined, or rather had she been allowed by her allies, to take her stand alone, it is obvious that on the promulgation of Count Nesselrode's letter of the 31st of May, her troops would have hastened to meet the invaders on or near the banks of the Pruth. If forced to retire from this position, and even if obliged ultimately to abandon the defence of the Principalities, the Sultan's forces would, in the worst case, have been able to prevent the enemy from taking advantage of their resources, and gaining, as he has been allowed to do, the left bank of the Danube without firing a shot. But this would not have been the case. Judging from what Turkey was able to do during the campaigns we have described, when unanimity of purpose and military organisation were wanting, we can scarcely doubt what would have been the result now, had she been allowed to meet her invaders on the Pruth, with her fine army, her well-appointed artillery, and, above all, with the unanimous and ardent spirit of her people.

The contest between Russia and Turkey is not of recent date, and the retrospect of eighty years testifies less to the honour of Muscovite arms than to the astuteness of Muscovite diplomacy. From 1769 to 1775, a succession of campaigns produced the treaty of Kainardji, which gave the Czar a firm step on the Ottoman territory. Hostilities from 1787 to 1792 terminated, at the peace of Jassy, with the incorporation by Russia of the Crimea. Fresh intrigues in Moldavia and Wallachia renewed the strife in 1806; the peace of Bucharest took place in 1812; the treaty of Akkerman suspended action in 1826; and in 1828 the Cossacks again entered Turkey.

Colonel Chesney's summary of the events of the campaigns in 1828-29 is well calculated to remove exaggerated impressions of the superiority

of the Russian over the Turkish power. The Czar, pursuing an hereditary system, had chosen admirably the moment of attack. Discontent brooded throughout the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan's innovations and the recent destruction of the Janissaries had left him a diminished army, and a host of enemies, even of his own household. The Greek insurrection was successfully proceeding, and the loss of the Turkish fleet at Navarino placed Russia in command of the Euxine. A disturbed country, an army scarcely modelled, a government surrounded by difficulties, persisting in the task of reform and menaced by revolution, presented an encouraging spectacle to the ambition of an invader. Nor is it wonderful, under such circumstances, if no serious resistance was anticipated.

Russia had accumulated on her southern frontier a force of about 216,000 men; but, at the commencement of the campaign in 1828, the effective strength actually directed against Turkey is computed at 120,000, with 300 guns. The regular forces of Turkey, the Nizam, consisting of young inexperienced recruits, learning a new discipline—sober, indeed, and obedient, but physically unable to compete with older and more organised troops—fell in number far below the nominal 80,000. The Delis and other irregulars, brave but desultory warriors, rallied to the defence of the country. Colonel Chesney informs us—

The artillery was very inferior in number to that of the Russians, and incapable of any rapid movements, being drawn by bullocks instead of horses. The guns were, however, well served in the field, and, with better appointments, would have been the most efficient part of the Turkish army.

The border provinces were, of course, exposed to the first fury of the approaching storm, and the episode of their misery presents a painful interest at this moment of its repetition.

MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

Extensive requisitions had previously been made by the Turkish Government; but, as only 500 head of cattle and 1000 sheep were received in consequence from Wallachia, and nothing whatever from Moldavia, it is clear the inhabitants of those districts did not suffer materially by the Sultan's requisitions. The Russian declaration of war, however, was accompanied by a demand for 250,000 loads of corn, 400,000 tons of hay, 50,000 barrels of brandy, and 23,000 oxen; in addition to the forced labour of 16,000 peasants, who were to be employed in making hay on the banks of the Danube. The loss occasioned by the payment for these requisitions in bills instead of cash was not the only disadvantage to which these unfortunate people were immediately exposed; for, as the local supplies were soon exhausted by such an army, it became necessary to transport provisions from Bessarabia by means of forced labour. The peasants also soon exhausted their own supplies, and were reduced to such extreme want in consequence that they died in great numbers on the road; as did also their cattle, in consequence of a murrain. The serious extent of this disease covered the roads with carcasses, which, by their putrefaction, coupled with the want of cleanliness in the Russian soldier, gave rise to typhus fever in its very worst form—that of the plague. This fearful scourge first appeared at Bucharest; and it continued to afflict the Russian army, as well as the inhabitants, during the whole of this and the succeeding campaign.

The plan of operations for the first campaign in European Turkey included the capture of Brailow, Silistria, and Varna, and a march upon Constantinople; the obstacles proved greater, the results less brilliant, than had been anticipated. The capture of Brailow, and some smaller places in the Dobrudscha, with the fall of Varna after a siege of eighty-nine days, comprised the advantages obtained by the overwhelming forces of the Muscovites. The conflicts near Schumla, the battle of Kurtesse, and the defences of Schumla and Silistria, were decided in favour of the Turks. During this period sickness and the sword, and the fatigues of the way over 1100 miles, deprived Russia of 40,000 men and upwards of 30,000 horses. The deaths in Bucharest alone amounted to 19,000—7000 of the army, and 12,000 of the inhabitants.

Every foot of ground covered by Russians in Turkey was disputed by its defenders with an heroic determination, a desperate courage, worthy to live in the old annals of Muslim chivalry; but there was not wanting an element of weakness, in the distrust and secret animosity with which many of the pashas and leading men had regarded the Sultan since the extermination of the Janissaries. Brailow and Varna were the two trophies of the first campaign. Varna was sacrificed by the defection of Yussuf Pasha; and although

Solyman Pasha, when summoned to surrender, nobly replied, "When the rampart is destroyed, we shall form a living one of our bodies," yet the Russian commander in Wallachia afterwards declared, that a golden key had opened the gates of Brailow. If the golden key hastened the capitulation, it did not supersede the use of other weapons.

The résumé of the attack shows that 1700 workmen were employed each day in the trenches, or 45,900 men in all during the siege; and 14,789 guns were fired into the place. The Russians admitted a loss of about 4000 officers and men; but the Turkish accounts, with more probability, make it exceed 5000.

Varna afforded another demonstration of the courage and constancy of the Turks. A siege of eighty-nine days, continuing twenty-seven after the first practicable breach had been effected, failed to diminish the ardour of the besieged, firm and confident even to the moment when their chief yielded. The effective force before Varna amounted to 20,000 soldiers, inspired by the presence of the autocrat himself. Six thousand perished. And Colonel Chesney states:

The besiegers employed 65 guns of heavy and light calibre, and discharged no less than 37,000 shot, 8600 shells, and 2500 rounds of case shot. The labour of 700 sappers and other workmen, who had been employed for eighty-nine days in the trenches, equalled that of 55,000 men for one day.

At the renewal of operations in 1829, the Russians had better learned to appreciate the resistance of their adversaries; and during a winter's active preparation, the Muscovite force was raised to an effective of 142,000 cavalry and infantry, with 450 pieces of artillery. A march of about 1400 miles, the defeat of the Grand Vizier at Kulewtscha, the siege of Silistria, the passage of the Balkan, and the capitulation of Adrianople, constituted the chief events of the ensuing European campaign, which cost the Turks 16,000 men, Russia more than 50,000, with 20,000 horses.

The success of the Russian arms in Asia was obtained also at a dear purchase. Towards the termination of the war, the losses of the invading army, though artfully concealed, could no longer be repaired. A contemporary writer, Ledue, has well designated the progress of the Muscovites a funeral march; the victims of cold, starvation, and fatigue, dropped continually by the side of their famished comrades, and, fainting to death on their bed of snow, "imprinted," according to the singular expression of Marshal Diebitsch, "a stain on their glory!" The million of roubles, assignats, which the Emperor Nicholas declared he spent daily for the support of his army of operation, found its way into the pockets of the officers, in deference to established custom, whilst the soldiers expired in masses from want, exposure, and consequent disease. The title of Zabalkanski (crosser or conqueror of the Balkan) conferred on Diebitsch with more substantial acknowledgments, stamps with indelible shame the leader of an army so cruelly sacrificed.

300,000 men are said to have melted from the forces of the Czar, yet the audacity of falsehood filled Europe with terror of a ruined foe. A brief delay would have rendered manifest the true condition of affairs; but the treaty of Adrianople was forced upon Turkey when her enemies' weakness was on the point of discovery: the panic of friends, not the strength of Russia, robbed her of victory, and the Czar's defeat was rewarded by a treaty that compelled the Sultan to indemnify him for the expenses of the aggression, to cede important territory, and accord a dangerous rival the right of interference in the concerns of two principal provinces. Such a termination to such a war was not peace, but the basis of periodical convulsion. The fears of the British ambassador, who dreaded at once invasion of the capital and an outbreak within for the restoration of the Janissaries, hurried on the catastrophe of the 28th of August, 1829.

THE TREATY OF ADRIANOPLE.

If the 20,000 Turks who reached the capital between the 26th and 28th of August had simply shown a bold front at Adrianople and elsewhere as they retired, the march of the Russian army would have been delayed sufficiently long, not only for their reduced numbers to have been ascertained, but also to have enabled the Grand Vizier and Hussein Pasha to act in rear of the invaders; and this might have prevented a humiliating treaty, which was entered into by the Divan, under the firm belief that hosts, which had been compared to the leaves of a forest, numbered at least 60,000 men. . . . It is said that Sultan

Mahmoud's usual firmness deserted him on this occasion, and that he shed bitter tears on affixing his signature to what he so justly considered a humiliating treaty. It is pretty certain that he would have continued the war at all hazards, had he been aware that at that moment the Russian commander, now Marshal Diebitsch Zabalkanski, had not more than from 15,000 to 17,000 bayonets. A defective commissariat, and a still worse medical department, caused disease to commence its work as soon as the invaders reached Adrianople. At a grand review which took place on the 8th of Nov. 1829, at which the author was present, there were scarcely 13,000 men of all arms in the field.

We regret our inability to extend the notice of Colonel Chesney's book. A condensed detail of facts, and the results of personal observation, it is replete with instructive matter: a record of one of the most striking events in modern history; a guide to the formation of correct judgment on the future. Good maps, and minute descriptions of the principal seats of the past and present war; a statistical account of the military resources of Turkey; its present state and prospects; its political and commercial value—occupy an interesting portion of the work, which we heartily recommend to the attention of our readers.

A Visit to Belgrade contains a vivid sketch of scenes and incidents characteristic of the motley world in that famous city; for, as the line on the title-page declares, "He who has seen Belgrade has seen the East in miniature." The translator has well executed his task of selection from the larger work of a Bohemian tourist through the provinces of the Lower Danube. We have space only for a brief extract, upon a subject universally attractive:

BUYERS AND SELLERS IN BELGRADE.

All the shops were already open, and the air was filled with the buzz of buying and selling, talking, quarrelling, and bargaining, mingled with hammering, crying, and swearing. . . . Dark-complexioned peasant women, in bright dresses and gay head-gear, were standing in groups, barefooted, before the handkerchief and ribbon-stalls, now handling a bale of Servian linen, or examining gaudy-flowered silks, suitable for bodices. They seemed to ponder the matter well. First, they talked it over with each other; then went away; but returned in a minute or two, and demanded the price. A second consultation ensued; and perhaps by mid-day the bargain with the merchant would be effected. One must not, however, measure the sales of the vendors by the number of apparent purchasers; for, generally speaking, where you see five or six women examining an article, and haggling about its price, you may be pretty sure that there will be only one *bona fide* purchaser among them. The men acted just in the same way. I observed five or six of them, mounted on lean horses, standing round an old pleasant-looking Turk, who carried his whole stock of wares hung about him in picturesque confusion. "Do you not want to purchase, Servians?" "Let us know what you have got, old Turk." "Will you buy a fez or a belt, or a beautiful marama (handkerchief)? Here is a brace of pistols; here a noble handjar (a cutlass about a foot and a half long)—what will you have?" "Let us look at the fez." The Turk loosened it from its girdle, and handed it to one of the horsemen. "It is a splendid article; the last I have left out of six hundred I had the day before yesterday direct from Stamboul—a genuine fez of Stamboul, and such a tassel! There is not a better in all Turkey. You shall have it for fifteen piastres, and dirt cheap for the money." The horsemen tried on the fez one after the other; consulted together as to its shape, strength, &c., and finally handed it back to the merchant, with the remark that they did not want it. In a similar manner they discussed the merits of the girdle and the handjar; and then, sticking their heels into their horses' sides, they galloped off.

We have several pamphlets on our list. Brave little productions of the literary creation, as ready to follow the track of armies as in the rear of other grave proceedings. Little winged thoughts or winged words, fluttering in the troubled atmosphere, with the benignant purpose of dispersing confusion, and the occasional misfortune of adding to it.

A Word to the British Public refers, in a Christian spirit, to the impropriety of envying the prosperity and progression of other states, and of disturbing the arrangements of a royal house on account of a few paltry acquisitions—a nation or two, or the command of a sea. Nemo affirms that the Emperor is a "very honest and honourable man," justly aggravated; and who, prevented by English jealousy from making in the English manner a naval demonstration, was compelled to take "temporary possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, solemnly promising to restore them as soon as his demand was satisfied."

Surely no Christian—no reasonable man—will say, here is a just cause for war.

But the Christian spirit is difficult to sustain, and Nemo brings his argument to the conclusion that France is a very proper subject for envy, jealousy, and suspicion. If a man could ascertain how to throw a stone in a straight line, what triumph of mathematical or metaphysical genius could equal that discovery!

The Big Bully of Europe aims better, and contributes two vigorous philippics, reprinted from the *Morning Post*.

Shall Turkey Live or Die?—a momentous question. Its proposer satisfactorily proves the right of existence possessed by an independent state, which for ages, and by numberless treaties, has been recognised as part of the European commonwealth: justly denouncing the attempt of a foreign government to interfere, under the mask of a spiritual authority, with the management of its internal affairs. The writer remarks, with admirable clearness:

As with individuals, so no aggregate of nations has, as a European peace society, a right to prescribe to any one nation terms which it shall observe on pain of war, unless that nation has consented to such arbitration.

Yet, a few pages later, the author, still alluding to the policy of the Czar, writes thus:—

The cloven foot has been unmistakeably revealed, by his rejection of the proposal of the four Powers to insist on and obtain a *Protectorate* for all Christians under Turkish sway.

What has become of the preceding argument, which denied that the agreement of parties could alter the character of an act? Either Russia has a right to interfere, or the four Powers can prove none. Either we are not entitled to oppose the claims of Russia, or we do so upon the plea that she has violated a principle of international law, whose maintenance is incumbent upon each State, and requisite for the security of all. Either we are preparing to meet the Czar on Turkish soil in a war to resist aggression, or in a struggle to obtain undue influence in the concerns of an independent state. The point is important; and authors should expound it in plain terms.

Sympathy for the Christians in Turkey dictates this observation. In the course of worldly prosperity they outstrip their Ottoman masters; and we believe a sole or joint *Protectorate* would not greatly tend to their advantage. The dissidents of Poland reaped a bitter harvest when the Empress Catherine undertook their defence. We doubt the probable profit to English Roman Catholics, had some friendly foreigner interposed to enforce their privilege of naming what bishops to what sees they chose; nor would the Scottish covenanters have retained to the present day fewer causes of complaint, had any arm but their own wrested that liberty which cannot be withheld from the majority of a people, resolute, united, and worthy to receive it.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Maude Talbot: a Novel. By HOLME LEE. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Progress and Prejudice. By MRS. GORE. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Daughter of the South. By CLARA WALBEY. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE war stops the way, not only of political improvement, but of the progress of civilisation, and even of literature. In the face of its stern realities fiction loses its attractions—so far does it fall below the excitement of truth. Who cares for the sentimental sorrows of the hero and heroine of a novel, when he is looking to have his heart stirred by the deeds of the living hero of the battle-field? Who can linger over the protracted catastrophe of a romance when the fates of empires and the liberties of nations turn upon the incidents of a conflict between the greatest powers the world has ever yet seen face to face in deadly strife? This is the true cause of the small quantity of fiction that has of late solicited the judgment of the critics. It is for this reason that announcements of forthcoming books have been recalled, and the anticipations of the novel-reading public disappointed of the expected treat. Nor for this can publishers be blamed. They must supply the market with such material as is in demand, or pay the penalty in ruin. Decidedly the taste does not lie just now in the direction of

fiction, and our novelists, numerous as they are, must be content to withdraw for a while from the arena, and wait a more peaceful season for renewing their claims to provide amusement for a world wearied of paying the expenses of war, and sick of glory that is bought so dearly.

It was with some surprise, therefore, that we received the novels named above; and, as it was a bold venture on the part of publisher or author, we think the reviewers cannot but pay them in return the compliment of devoting to the few the space which, when they came in crowds, was necessarily distributed sparingly to each.

We are, however, reluctantly compelled to introduce *Maude Talbot* by fault-finding. It belongs too much to the semi-democratical, semi-philanthropical school, a few years since more in vogue than now, whose unwearied purpose appeared to be to represent all the poor as suffering angels, and all the rich as heartless demons;—with whom a seedy coat was the best proof of respectability, and a carriage and a Turkey carpet the certain sign of cruelty and vice in the owner. We had hoped that this sort of anticipation by novelists of the judgment of the Providence that will lift up the lowly and meek, and pull down the proud from their seat, had not only passed out of fashion with the better class of our writers of fiction, but that even the mere satellites and book-makers had eschewed it; and it is with very great regret that we see it revived in the pages of a novelist of so much manifest ability as Mr. Holme Lee. We hope it was an error of inexperience that will not be repeated; and therefore we pass it by now with a protest, to turn to the substantial merits of the work.

Maude Talbot is the story of a young lady, whose besetting sin is pride—the pride of ancestry and birth. To that she sacrifices her happiness and affections, and even truth and faith; for she casts off a lover whom she had encouraged, and really loves, because he cannot show a pedigree equal to her own. This may be a phase of human pride, and instances have occurred of great sacrifices made at the shrine of ancestral vanity—but not by woman, especially where her affections are involved. Men have been known to do strange things, and subject themselves to all kinds of inconveniences, out of respect to the family tree; but we question if there is a case on record of a woman who loved flinging her love to the winds, and embracing the parchment that records the titled dust from which she sprung. Assuming, however, such a case to be, *Maude Talbot* embodies that unwomanly woman; and the character is sustained with unflinching truth throughout the story. By what machinery it is wrought, and how many others mingle with the plot, we leave the reader to trace for himself; but of its merits as a piece of writing we cannot speak too highly. It is singularly vigorous, full of powerful description, and with incidents so skillfully introduced, that the attention of the reader is never permitted to flag for a moment. We can heartily recommend *Maude Talbot* to all who can withdraw their thoughts from the war, as a novel that will interest them, if any can; and we congratulate the author on having produced a work of so much promise. In happier times we hope to meet him again, improved by age and experience, and refreshed by rest.

Why should our lady novelists deem it necessary to introduce Lords and Baronets into every fiction? Do they suppose that the materials for fiction exist only among people with titles, or have they a vague notion that novel-readers feel an interest in the sayings and doings of those only into whose envied circles they can thus obtain a peep through the pages of the circulating library? But what an egregious error it is on the part alike of reader and author! Nine-tenths of the novelists who make Lords and Ladies their heroes know nothing of the nobility save what they have learned from other novels. They have never seen them at home, never conversed with them familiarly, and are in entire ignorance of the manners and modes of thought of the circles into which they have never been admitted. But a good novel should be a picture of real life. A true novelist will embody the results of his own observation; nor be content to describe personages of whom he is ignorant—a society he has not shared—a phase of life that has not been revealed to him, moving in another sphere.

What wonder is it, then, that modern novels should be so dull when they are thus false—that they who copy only bad copies should be shadowy;

unreal, and ineffective! Let those who would achieve a permanent fame in fiction remember this, that they can succeed only by going to nature, and faithfully drawing after her models.

Here are two novels by ladies. Both of them treat of life among the nobility. Lords and Ladies are the principal personages in both; but they produce different effects upon the reader, because he feels that one is more real and truthful than the other. Mrs. Gore's *Progress and Prejudice* has a higher interest than good writing, because it is not merely the shadow of a shade, but a copy more or less perfect of what she has heard and seen. She is one of the few living novelists of fame who have a title to treat of aristocratic life, because she is of the few of our novelists who have mingled with it on terms of intimacy. Others may have been admitted as lions and lionesses, to be stared at and talked to for a few hours; but we cannot recall any who have been received into it as a privileged personage—as a recognised portion of itself. It is to these opportunities, well employed by an observant eye, that Mrs. Gore owes her reputation; for it is impossible to peruse her novels without feeling that there is flesh and blood there; that they show us real men and women; that we are seeing them move, hearing them talk, and that we appreciate the motives that govern them. *Progress and Prejudice* is of that character. Here all is genuine nature, or, at least, looks like it; for we do not pretend to pronounce an opinion whether that which appears so lifelike is as true as it seems. Lady Meadows and Amy are charming creations; and the grace with which they submit to changed fortunes stamps them as the true aristocracy—as having that "blood and breed" which we recognise in other animals, but which we are so unwilling to acknowledge as existing among ourselves. But it is not the less true that the quality to which we refer is a physical fact; and it is shown in nothing more than in the spirit with which the mind endures changes of condition. The model of such will be found in Mrs. Gore's pages; she has produced nothing more worthy of her name and fame than *Progress and Prejudice*.

But what shall we say of the *Daughter of the South*? Here, too, lords and ladies figure, but how differently! The authoress is entirely unknown to us; but, judging from her portraits of the nobility, we should conclude that they are entirely unknown to her personal experience. She has drawn them from the pictures she has found in other novels, not from the life. Why did she so? She had no need. She possesses no small amount of invention, as her story shows; she has eyes, and can use them, as she proves whenever she has occasion to introduce a personage within her own sphere; for what reason then has she gone out of her own circle, where she could have found inexhaustible material for transcripts from life and nature, into one beyond her ken, of which her only knowledge is obtained by report, and probably from very faithless or incapable reporters? This is the more to be regretted, because Mrs. (or Miss?) Walbey can sketch from the life with great effect. She has more than common power for conceiving and supporting character, and in this respect the *Daughter of the South* gives promise of uncommon ability, if it should be employed on fit subjects for its exercise. But there is another mistake, which we cannot pass without notice. The authoress evidently supposes herself to have a genius for poetry; and, accordingly, she thrusts in whole pages of rhymes whenever one of her personages has an inclination to sing. She mistakes herself. Her vocation is not poetry; and the frequent recurrence of it in the novel is by no means an attraction to the reader, but the reverse. The bad poetry mars the good prose. Of the latter, we are bound to speak with respect and applause. The writing is good; the descriptions are graphic; the plot is well conceived and sustained; the merits are many, and the faults such as time and practice will cure.

The twenty-third volume of the "Library Edition of the Waverley Novels" contains *Anne of Geierstein*, superbly printed in a bold clear type, pleasant to read, an ornament to the book-shelf.—The indefatigable Mr. N. Cooke has commenced another series of cheap and popular works, under the attractive title of "The Illustrated Family Novelist," and which we suspect he will find to be more profitable than many of his more ambitious enterprises. The first volume of the series contains *Caleb Stukeley*. We would earnestly counsel him to eschew original novels; and,

if he cannot procure the copyrights of those that have already achieved fame, to undertake an extensive collection of translations of the best modern novels of France and Germany.—*The Loves of an Apothecary* are the production of one who can write, who has a rich vein of humour, and who, with time and practice, may aspire to a loftier class of fiction than this first essay.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By FREDERICK TENNYSON. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

Not a few minds whose creations have claimed and merited the public attention have arisen in the walks of English poetry, since those stars were withdrawn from our horizon that shed the lustre of genius on the earlier years of the present century. Let the bright and sacred names of the dead be for ever revered; but let us turn with sympathy and welcome to the living, in whom titles to similar consideration may be recognised, and in some of whom we may observe tendencies of thought and reflections of social reality, that already announce to us a change come over the moral scene of life's drama. Every truly creative poet, while he is in one sense the interpreter, may be regarded as the instructor, of his contemporaries; and, while he is the intellectual offspring of his age, the expression of its purest and noblest characteristics, is also in advance of it—is the herald to guide, the prophet to warn, the oracle to sanctify. Is it not almost a completely new phase of mind, evolved perhaps by a natural process from the past over which the then ascendant luminaries held sway, that we may trace in the pages where English literature, particularly in the walks of poetry and fiction, has now its worthy representation? Has not the poetic genius of our country manifested its living energies with results forming new landmarks to the history of mind, new illustrations to the great problem of human destiny, in those writers who now receive the larger share of public consideration? There is one, with claims to be classed among the most gifted and deeply feeling poets of our age, whose merits have hitherto been strangely kept in the shade, and whose name, though already renowned, has not become so (as it deserves) through his personal titles—Frederick Tennyson, the brother of our laureate; and the permission to notice a volume of lyrical poems, just published (at least in the major portion of their contents) from the pen of this gentleman, we now avail ourselves of with pleasure. A rare coincidence it assuredly is, that two of the same house and generation should make good simultaneously the title to high poetic honours; and that such must be awarded to Mr. F. Tennyson, we think can be disputed by none. Attempts to define the precise intellectual relationship in which he stands towards his laurel-crowned brother would be utterly futile: these two poets having, in fact, scarcely one point in common—their habitual strain of thought, modes of expression, and favourite metres alike differing. The one whose volume is before us has less elastic versatility than the other: he is of an earnest, meditative, and thoughtfully religious cast of mind; evidently a scholar, whose taste has been formed on classic models; accustomed to look on nature not only "with a poet's eye," but with that of a Christian moralist; scarcely at any moment betraying the impulses of passion, or any tumultuous feeling, but singularly refined and elevated in his sensibility to the domestic affections. A faultless writer he certainly is not, either in the mechanism of verse, or manner of presenting his subject; in both which particulars improvement might be suggested to him.

With not a few of his poems the idea is superior to the execution, while with others it is obscured by an unchecked diffusiveness, a splendid colouring being laid on over a vague outline. Notwithstanding a general majesty of cadence and classic correctness of language, there is a deficiency of artistic finish occasionally to be observed in him; and some stanza or sentence, beginning with dignity, ends in commonplaceness of phraseology. The greater number of these lyrics are adorned by uncommon wealth of imagery, and almost all convey a high moral lesson; but, with some exceptions, their framework is injudiciously enlarged, so that the dwelling on the measure, and exploitation of the conception adopted, at length pall on the attention. The author's favourite stanza is the decasyllabic octave, apt to become monotonous unless wielded by a highly practised hand; and in almost a

moiety of his pieces stronger effects might be secured by condensation, by a severer control over the habit of wandering from the theme enounced, and giving way to strains of reflection or flights of imagination, the expression of which may be admired, but which deteriorate from the metaphysical unity of the whole, and create confusion as to the moral bearings intended. We believe that Mr. F. Tennyson has, for many years, dedicated himself to a life of seclusion and study; and it is precisely this fact in personal history that seems to account for the monotony prevailing in his style (not certainly without exceptions, and those splendid ones), as it may also account for the self-injustice with which he has hitherto kept back from the world the fruits of his intellectual activity. More artistic conciseness, more mastery of the art of arrangement with a fine and general effect, the subserviency of every detail to the leading interest of the picture, as would be the duty of artists in another province, might have been acquired by the habit of writing to address the public mind, and to a reasonable degree regarding the criticism of the public.

But the less amiable function of criticism may be discharged briefly, when an author is in question in whom the defects alluded to are compensated by so much that is elevated and beautiful; above all, by a thorough originality—the originality of a mind that thinks earnestly—and a style reflecting the genuine in feeling, without affectation or the slightest tinge of conventionalism. Mr. F. Tennyson's poetry felicitously combines opposite attributes requisite to compositions of the highest order, being at once objective and subjective; he turns for inspiration and the types of beauty to the world without, but evolves the spiritual and moral meaning from the world within; he finds themes in the grandeur and loveliness, the varieties and marvels, of the natural universe, but from his own soul is drawn the solution of the mystery; and regarding him it may be said, with intensity of truth, from the magnificent ode by Coleridge, that, as to the reaction of the soul upon the outer world,

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.

His thoughts are prevailingly solemn, touched by sadness, without any shade of misanthropy; and in his aesthetic characteristics we must praise the throughout healthful purity, the heaven-trusting cheerfulness, the perception of all that strengthens and consoles in life's combinations. Above all, a lofty morality is to be recognised pervading his effusions, and a religious conviction ever in accord (though in no manner touching on peculiarities of dogma) with the great principles of Christianity.

We shall be doing far greater justice to our author by citing his own words, than by prolonging these observations; and we quote from a poem that appears to us one of the happiest specimens of his thought and manner, giving utterance to the visionary speculations, the mysterious yearnings and anticipations of an infinite future, with a certain mournful grandeur that fascinates the attention. It is called (not with obvious appropriateness) *A Dream of Spring*; and the length of the original will oblige us to make our citations but fragmentary.

It was the season when the days of Spring
Were dying into Summer, and at even
I looked forth sadly on the glooming heaven,
And heard the lone bird sing.

My thoughts were sad with musing of sad years,
Sung sweetly by a minstrel long departed;
And with the sighs of him so gentle-hearted
I mingled mine own tears.

Strange were those tears—for I was glad and young—
But he of Arqua made such long lament
That pale despair into my spirit went
With echoes of his song.

My heart began to throb within my breast
As though it strove against the grasp of death.
I panted, and I drew the troubled breath
Of dreamers in unrest:

And as the shadows of the night unfurled
Their wings, I saw fair shapes in woful plight
Sign long farewells, and take their hopeless flight
For ever from the world:

And as the wild notes of the wakeful bird
Paused in the gloom, methought I heard a sigh
Pass, like an earth-lament, in music by,
The saddest ever heard:

"Spirits of the disconsolate, do ye
Watch round the ways of men," I cried, "unseen,
Only to weep that sorrows which have been
Are, and shall ever be."

That fondest hearts are stab'd with deepest pain—
That pity battles against pitiless ill,
That lonely love laments, and struggles still,
And seeks for love in vain?

I do remember well, it was the time
When in the East pale rose begins to burn,
And night-dews brim the lily's silver urn,
And fresher breathes the chime:

When the lone nightingale, that sang all night,
Drowns, and blossoms of the orange bower
Pant in the still air, and the passion-flower
Unfolds her in the light:

I laid my head upon that book of sighs:
Slowly I sank into a charmed sleep
While yet the tears his sorrows made me weep
Were trembling in mine eyes:

Sudden a glory fill'd the silence wide;
A light more beautiful than summer noon,
Warm as the sun, yet tender as the moon,
And down'd me in its tide!

It pour'd into the void—it swathed the bowers—
It bathed the earth like bliss from Paradise—
It came with melo'y impregn'd, and sighs
Of young unfolding flowers.

From underneath hush'd walks of dewy vine,
And covert of soft roses, thou didst rise
Into my el'ber open to the skies,
With that wing'd heart of thine;

And from thine eyes didst through mine eyelids pour
Soft lightnings, that within me tremble yet,
Fringing sad clouds with their reflection sweet
Since that immortal hour.

I look'd upon thy face—and lo! thereon
The shape of mine own soul—what'er of me
Slept folded up in personality,
Was there transfused, and shone:

Melodies that with inarticulate tone
Wander'd within me, wondering whence they sprung;
Heard music in the magic of thy tongue,
Strange echo of their own;

Raptures, that in a moment live and die—
Shades from the past—prophetic voices low—
Glories, that like still lightnings come and go—
Love, Anguish, Ecstasy;

Dim thoughts that reach us from the Infinite,
Faint as far seas, or twilight in eclipse,
Flow'd forth like noon-day waters from thy lips,
And from thy brows like light.

Didst thou not say—methought I heard thee say,
"Beloved (words, ah! desolate and sweet,)
Alas! in thy sad world we cannot meet,
Or in the light of day:

"But, O beloved! I will hold for thee
A happy isle, beyond the worlds forlorn,
Beyond the golden rivers of the morn,
Deep in the starry sea.

"I am the spirit that hath onward led
Thy mortal steps, the being that shall be
Hereafter lov'd by thee, and only thee,
The soul thy soul shall wed.

"Before the bases of the world were laid,
Or bloodless dust awoke unto the Sun,
The secret Spirit of the Highest One
Knew all things He hath made:

"The thoughts of God were harmonies to be—
Music and light—the waters and the wind—
And souls ordain'd their perfect life to find
In perfect sympathy:

"And though all Nature mourn as one bereaved,
And mystic shadows cross the mystic plan,
Doubt not the life of things, and soul of man,
Shall end as preconceived.

"As distant stars draw influence from each other,
Soul, counterpart of soul, tho' far apart,
Still trembles to its fellow, more than heart
Of brother unto brother.

"This night thou saw'st one in the zenith shine—
Its light had travel'd for a thousand years;
So doth my soul, drawn by thy sighs and tears,
Flow ever unto thine.

"The star thou saw'st hath been extinguish'd
A thousand years—yet still behold it burn—
So shall thy thoughts, which ever to me turn,
Live after thou art dead;

"For thou must die, and change—thou must be cast
Upon the torrent of the ebbless flood:
Change is the life of Life, the pulse of God,
The soul of the dead Past.

"Weep not, nor be disquieted in vain:
Behold the noise of human deeds hath ceased,
And the Eternal Spirit hath released
Thy life from fear and pain;

"And I am sitting with thee in the light
Of the unquenched lamps before the throne,
That burn'd ere Time was born, ere sunlight shone
Or the star-zoned night:

"And there is music roundabout us flowing,
Where ever-changing harmonies keep time
To great imaginings that onward climb,
And thoughts for ever growing.

"And thou art gazing with a glorious brow,
A tearless conscience, and a cloudless eye
Upon the past, and thou beholdest why
Thou art in darkness now:

"Darkness—yet cloven with light from far away—
Like that which glimmers o'er the sunless earth,
And whispers to it whence it hath its birth—
From the great coming day!

"Far as the seas surpass a drop of rain—
Far as the boundless winds thy little breath—
Far as unbounded Life thy world of Death,
Or Gods the strength of men!"

That music ceased—I felt my forehead thrill
With touches of those lips; th' immortal fire
Seem'd all my frame that moment to inspire
With life that lingers still!

Another poem (also too long to be cited fully) strikes us as one of the most exquisitely beautiful in the whole range of English verse, and still more finished than the preceding in execution. It is called "Mayday"; and we can remember few illustrations so felicitous of that mystic connection between the moral and the material universe, that profound sympathy which it belongs only to the true poet to articulate—the solemn meanings of nature in accord with the destinies of man—answering to his joys and sorrows, confirming his hopes and fears.

The morn was restless, soft and bright
With dewy airs, that shook the light
In golden stars upon the green.
We saw the tufted woodlands lean
With murmurs to the winsome wind;
The mountains rose up glad behind:
Before a tiny valley ran
Seaward, and met the purple plain
Bright with towers, and thick with gloom
Of gardens, clouded in perfume
Of blossoms breathing their own clime;
O! happy day, the best of Time!
The linnets sang of love and glee,
And sang it to my love and me.

I sat beside her in the light of May,
And the blue Heaven reflected in her eyes
Might have drawn down the Gods of that sweet day
To change for them their own midsummer skies;
Wrapp'd in the glory of a blissful madness,
I took no heed how sped the hours—not I—
For each swift moment, measureless in gladness,
Became itself an immortality.

The clouds flew by, like worlds of glory,
With peak, and cape, and promontory,
And towers of diamond, and of gold,
And my heart triumph'd to behold
Their mountains reach, and issue forth
Illumined torrents to the earth,
And, like huge stairs, the great sunbeam
Slope 'twixt our world and isles of dream:
O happy idles! whereon to sail
With her, as in a fairy tale,
And touch at shores of moon and star,
And sound the ocean light afar,
Seem'd to us in that charmed noon
A joy that might be real soon!

We sang together (and the winged joy
Clove like a banner the soft azure air,
Waved in the sight of Him that cannot die),
"Beloved, O beloved, we can dare
Together aught that angry Time can fling
Out of his quiver: for this love, we vow,
Shall stretch its arms, like an all-conquering king,
To Past and Future, while it lifts us now!"

Sometimes the wild breeze swung asunder
The boughs, and show'd the world of wonder;
Hamlet, and town, and pasture green,
With roads of sunlight laid between;
And shook the streams to stars—and clove
The thickets flooding from above;
And ran along the valley plain,
Showering it o'er with blossom-rain:
And from the bower wherein we sat—
Like Beauty snatch'd away by Fate—
A white rose from its stem was blown
Into her bosom like its own;
She gather'd the strewn leaves again,
And thus she spoke 'twixt joy and pain:

She, with divine eyes looking into mine,
Rain'd down her sovran beauty's starry dew,
That dropt upon my heart, like fiery wine,
Kindling the quenchless thirst it would subdue;
But in the purest moment of those joys,
Grief cross'd her like a shadow at noonday:
I saw a tear come over her blue eyes,
I heard her sadly sigh, then softly say:

"When Love itself—meanwhile a breath
Crept o'er the champagne, chill as death;
Thunders had lifted in the west
Their banners, and the shadows prest
Onward, like plumed foes that stride
With soundless arms the mountain-side;
Like coming Fate they spread their wings—
The weary bird no longer sings—
First silence—then a rushing wind—
And twilight like an evil Mind;
The forests bowed, the blossoms whirl'd,
Bright fragments from the fountain hurl'd;
And the bower that tented o'er our seat
Scatter'd its rose-leaves at our feet.

"When Love itself—which is the flower of Time,
Embalming the void hours, and days, and years,
Spreading its richest hues in sorrow's clime,
And underneath the wintry dew of tears
Yielding its rarest essence—not the less
Woundeth his peace upon whose heart it lies,
With one sharp pang it sear can not redress,
The fear to lose the bliss itself supplies,—

"But O, beloved, fly, O fly,
She shriek'd, "for Death is in the sky;"
From far we saw the tempest pale
Lashing the earth with wind and hail,
And giant buttresses, that lanced
Thunders, that shook the ground, and glanced,
Fiery shafts along the gloom;
The scared birds fled as from their doom;
Under the arch'd bower I led
Her steps, and back she turn'd her head;
And on the edge of the storm-shade,
Lo! one pale beam, like hope dismay'd;
And with wild eyes along the plain
She look'd—and sigh'd—and said again:

"Alas for Love!—what agony shall close
The hidden pangs of such immortal pains?
Time points the thorn, as he unfolds the rose;
When death hath shed the leaves, the thorn remains.

Alas for Love!—the honey that he brings
Yields bitterness—the arrows that he speeds
Return upon him with avenging stings—
He thinks to wound, and 'tis himself who bleeds."

The last pale beam is drawn to Heaven,
And swiftly o'er the land is driven
The Uragan, like smoke of war,
From mountain peak to sandy shore.
The hills are dark, the earth is grey,
All creatures fly the selfsame way:
Floods swell the thunder, and the herd
And herdsmen with one fear are stirr'd;
The lightning fires the rick and farm,
And flames roar onward with the storm,
And cries, and wails, and dismal knells
Mingle, as the tumult swells;
Towers crash, and granite mountains craze,
And Fear beholds the end of days!

Lowly we murmur'd—"Oh! if thou or I
By evil days henceforth be overtaken,
If sorrow frown upon us from on high,
Or either by the other be forsaken,
Ah! let us not forget, tho' dark the path,
And lit with lightnings only, until even:
To pass with faith beneath the cloud of wrath,
And that their light is still a light from Heaven."

She wept as I bade her turn and see
The light that broke o'er lift * and sea;
Like warriors struggling to unfold
The bands of sleep, the mountains roll'd
Back their storm-mantles, and display'd
For flashings, as of royal state:
'Mid sheeny leaves the rivulets shone,
Broad rivers lighten'd in the sun;
And blander beauty began to sway
Greenwood, and lawn, and garden gay;
A million sweet notes bubbled through
Warm ether like melodious dew;
Again the Giant on the cloud
Stand gazing upward, glad and proud!

We hardly need call attention to the sustained beauty of diction in this poem, or the finely-conceived alternation between the utterance of feeling and description of outward realities. Petrarch's canzone on the Fountain of Sorga might be compared with it in some passages; but while the exquisite delicacy of feeling and luxuriant fantasy of the Italian bard is, we think, equalled in this instance by the English, a finer moral import attaches to these lines than to the celebrated

Chiare, fresche, e d'olice acque, &c.

In these, and other stanzas, Mr. F. Tennyson's versification has a harmony that combines softness with strength, like a sweet voice of song with the clash of martial instruments. We are reminded, by the rich variety and skilfully wrought transitions, of some grand sonata, or other composition of the old German school, that seems to carry the mind, with fascinating potency, down a stream of feeling and delicious contemplations, linked together we cannot explain how, and leaves an impression of unity, though suggestive of infinite variety.

(To be continued.)

Mr. N. Cooke has just added to his "Universal Library" a reprint of *Crabbe's Tales*, for a shilling. —Mr. Martin Tupper, of "Proverbial Philosophy" fame, has issued *A Dozen Ballads for the Times about White Slavery*. It must be confessed that they are very sensible prose put into tolerable rhyme—they are not poetry in anything but form.—Mr. Bohn has added to his "Illustrated Library" a new edition of *Wright's Translation of Dante*, with thirty-four steel engravings after Flaxman's designs. As a work of art this volume will have great value, apart from its worth as the best translation of Italy's greatest poet that has yet appeared in our language.

MISCELLANEOUS.

De Quincey's Collected Works. Vol. II. London: Groombridge. Edinburgh: Hogg.

This is another glorious fragment, or rather cluster of fragments, from that Great Wreck of an Australian Fleet, which men call De Quincey. While we are glad to see that our friends Groombridge and Hogg have had the spirit to undertake this republication, we are amazed that it was not attempted long before. We know, indeed, that booksellers in general are a peculiar people, and that not one in fifty of them would publish the New Testament itself were it out of print, unless they were pretty sure of a sale; but we marvel that the mere principle of supply and demand, the only golden rule known in the Row, had not, long ere this, led to a collection of the many strange, profound, and eloquent papers which the English Opium Eater has been scattering so profusely, for thirty or forty years, through the pages of our periodical literature. Now, however (at the interval of nine months—what means this delay, Mr. Hogg?) we have a

* "Lift." Scottish for "sky."

second of these brilliant volumes, and may, perhaps, look for a third in not much more than a twelvemonth.

This volume is, like the former, very interesting, very gossiping, and very philosophical withal. If it never rises into any such high swells of grandeur as were contained in the history of his sister's death-bed, it never sinks into those tedious platitudes which wearied every one in his account of his brother. If less magnificent in parts, it is better as a whole. If less interesting as developing the very peculiar idiosyncrasy of the author, it is more so from its relation to those extraordinary men with whom he came so much into contact, whom he so thoroughly appreciated, and so eloquently interpreted to the world. It contains, in fact, several lives interwoven into one. But, unlike the usual progress of rivers, here the smaller stream is perpetually swollen as it advances by tributaries larger than itself.

In our paper on the first volume we analysed De Quincey's peculiar faculties and accomplishments. We said especially that the most remarkable thing about him was, his combination of logical acumen and of lyrical power. No one can, when he pleases, reason with more energy and clearness, and yet no one has at times uttered finer raptures of measured poetic prose. Locke is never more subtle than he at times, nor is Sir Thomas Browne more grandly discursive than in other moods he can become. In the volume before us we find specimens—although none, as we have hinted, in his very highest vein—of both these faculties, and of a certain quick and regular interchange with which they often play into each other's hands. Yet have we much less respect for him as a thinker than as a writer. We mean, before closing, to examine his views of Christianity, contained (not inappropriately in point of sentiment) under the title *Lacton*; but shall first undertake the more grateful task of pointing out and praising the more prominent beauties of this remarkable volume.

One main charm of this book is the confidential air which pervades it. It is a long conversation between De Quincey and his "Gentle Reader," in which the author, without any parade or ostentation, or more egotism than seems inseparable from the mode of communication, turns his heart and his history inside out for the reader's instruction and amusement. It reminds us of the dear delightful days of the stage-coaches, when we sometimes found ourselves shut up in an inside place for a whole day's journey with an agreeable stranger, who, after the first cold conventional ice had been broken, commenced a talk which expanded into a history of his own life, a history continued till the evening's shadows had fallen, and the destined city or inn was reached. So De Quincey, "changing a leg" with us, recounts his strange story, now more slowly, and now more swiftly—now directly and now indirectly—now with a smooth, even course of narrative, and now with gaps and chasms which render it, if more perilous, more provocative of interest. And then such a tale as he has to tell! It has not indeed many stirring incidents, hair-breadth escapes, or romantic adventures. These salient points he had touched on and exhausted in his *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. But it has much, too, that is objectively entertaining, like a road, which although plain in itself, passes through fine scenery, and at particular points commands noble prospects. And then, besides, you are called ever and anon to contemplate and study the singular idiosyncrasy of the author—his love of learning and laudanum—his sympathy with childhood, as deep and pure a passion this in him as ever beat in, or like a divine rage occupied, a human bosom—his love for nature, alike in her softer and her shaggier forms—his kindly feeling toward the poorer, and especially the pastoral classes of the community—his weakness of will, and power of genius, and that strong appetite for hero-worship which has seldom coexisted with such a pronounced and lofty individuality. Patroclus, not Diomedes, was the satellite of Achilles. But De Quincey, while in many points not much inferior to Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, is never happier or more in his element than when he is sounding their praises, or analysing in a generous spirit their powers.

Men often admire others most for those qualities they do not possess themselves. Something of this enters into De Quincey's feelings toward all the fore-mentioned. He worships Coleridge, partly for that great breadth and health of being which neutralised in a measure his self-indulgent

habits, and partly for that creative genius which made him the maker of such a "new thing on the earth" as the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; Wordsworth, again, for his self-denial, self-estimation, and self-contained power; and Southey for his regular habits, and determined perseverance in study. De Quincey has almost as much subtlety as Coleridge, and quite as much eloquence, and a far better style, but wants his compass and his creative gift; and of those peculiar qualities of the other two Lakers which we have enumerated, he is, need we say, entirely destitute.

The book, apart from its main and master current, contains many delightful episodes and graceful "asides." Fewer of these, by the way, are in the second volume cast into the form of notes. Mr. De Quincey seems to have taken the hint we, in conjunction with many other critics, gave him to avoid those voluntary interruptions of the stream of interest, which are even a greater nuisance in a new work, than they are in "annotated editions"—save the mark!—of the classical poets of Britain. (When shall we see Coleridge's wish accomplished for notes to Shakspeare's works and others that "shall *bonâ fide* explain what, for the general reader, needs explanation, as briefly as possible, and with the expulsion of all antiquarian rubbish?") But there are interposed, amid the general narrative, little quiet eddies of incident, which constitute the most easy, natural, and pleasing portions of the volume. One of these is the tragic story of George and Sarah Green—a worthy Cumberland couple who were lost in a snow-storm—whose little daughter Agnes behaved like a heroine, during some dreadful days of uncertainty, when left alone in the blocked-up dwelling with the younger children; and, but for whom, they had all perished. Truth is strange—stranger than fiction—and we certainly never read in fiction anything more heart-rending or more heart-ennobling than the account given by De Quincey of the fate of the parents, and of the heroic, half-inspired, almost preternatural conduct of the lonely child, who seemed, at one touch of some superhuman rod, to grow up into the measure and the stature of an angel. Equally striking is the tale he tells of a studious and meditative young boy who had been educated at St. Bees; but who, conceiving a profound disgust at some illiberal employment for which his friends destined him, resolved on self-destruction. He "walked quietly up to the cloudy wildernesses within Blencathara; read his Æschylus (read, perhaps, those very scenes of the Prometheus that pass amid the wild valleys of the Caucasus, and below the awful summits, untrod by man, of the ancient Elborus); read him for the last time; for the last time fathomed the abyss-like subtleties of his favourite geometrician, the mighty Apollonius; for the last time retraced some parts of the narrative, so simple in its natural grandeur, composed by that imperial captain, the most majestic man of ancient history—

The foremost man of all this world—

Julius the Dictator, the eldest of the Cæsars. These three authors—Æschylus, Apollonius, and Cæsar—he studied until the daylight waned, and the stars began to appear. Then he made a little pile of the three volumes that served him for a pillow; took a dose, such as he had heard would be sufficient, of laudanum; laid his head upon the monuments which he himself seemed in fancy to have raised to the three mighty spirits; and, with his face upturned to the heavens and the stars, slipped quietly away into a sleep upon which no morning ever dawned. The laudanum, whether it were the effect of the open air, or from some peculiarity of temperament, had not produced sickness in the first stage of its action, nor convulsions in the last; but, from the serenity of his countenance, and from the tranquil maintenance of his original supine position—for his head was still pillowed upon the three intellectual Titans, and his eyes were still directed to the stars—it would appear that he had died placidly, and without a struggle." Surely this was a sublime exit—better than the French custom of retiring to a chamber, and choking oneself with charcoal. We have often thought that a *Gallery of National Deathbeds* might be so managed as to cast a light upon national character. Each nation, we believe, has a peculiar way of dying. A Dutchman does not die like a Frenchman; nor a German like an American. This of ordinary deaths; but it must hold still more strikingly true of suicides. One might learn a great deal of useful, although somewhat

dreary intelligence, from comparing the different modes used by people in different countries, climes, and ages, of plunging into eternity; and the varied instruments of voluntary death—the rope, the razor, the bowl, the pan, the pistol, the dagger, and the pool—would appear exponents of profound facts in human nature, and in the history, culture, and passions of the various ages and races of the world.

In a style of similar power De Quincey relates the lamentable story of Gough the Quaker, who, caught in a sea of treacherous mist, fell over a precipice in Helvellyn, and was found months after, with his faithful dog, wasted to a skeleton, protecting his corpse from the ravens and foxes of the wilderness. This tale has been recorded in verse by Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth, and twice in poetic prose—here by De Quincey, and, a long while ago, by Professor Wilson, in a paper entitled "A Glance at Selby's Ornithology," which was perhaps the most magnificent of all those glorious rhapsodies about nature by which his genius made the *Maga* of other years to sparkle with almost unbearable splendour. Never can we forget Wilson's description of the Golden Eagle, of the Raven (under which he introduces the story of poor Gough), and of the Cuckoo; or the way in which he seemed to throw himself into each bird—to look on the vast landscape of lakes, mountains, and seas, through the imperial eye of the eagle—to retire with the sullen raven into the desert, and to croak out everlasting spite and monotonous misery—and, with the gentle Cuckoo-dove, to sit concealed like a spirit in the copse-wood, and, unseen, to fill all the woods with melody, and to people all the air with the voice of love—

Such were the notes our much-loved poet sung!

We expect in De Quincey's third volume a full account of his acquaintance with Wilson, and of the impressions made on him by that extraordinary man. Meanwhile, we are thankful to him for his very pleasing, graphic, if somewhat gossiping, details about the great trinity of Lake Poets. These appeared originally in *Tait's Magazine*, and are here reprinted with only a few verbal additions and alterations. His account of Coleridge,

The noticeable man with large grey eyes;

of his wondrous talk, flowing on perpetually, and resembling a mighty American river in volume, amplitude, incessant motion, and deep wailing music; of his domestic unhappiness; of that garment of burning poison he put on in the shape of opium (his consumption of which alone cost him, at one period of his life, 150*l.* a year!); of his strange erratic progress through life; and of that quiet but enormous cloud of gloom which lay upon his spirit for many years—a cloud which for a long time no sun or star-beam broke, which neither brightened into the dawn of joy nor darkened into the midnight of madness, and which even at the end of his journey was not entirely dispelled. De Quincey speaks of this sad eclipse with the deeper gusto and the warmer eloquence, that he himself has stood under the same darkness, although it never in his case assumed a shape quite so portentous, or a density quite so deep. We once meant to transcribe the passages descriptive of this "withered flower," particularly those in pages 220 to 223, but have not time for this—and can only recommend them to our readers as exceedingly characteristic both of the subject and the author, and as casting profound light upon the nature of the misery which overshadowed the most gifted, and not the least amiable, spirit of these later times. We cannot but contrast the manner in which Carlyle and De Quincey respectively treat Coleridge. The one laughs an elfin laughter over his wanderings—the other mourns over them as he might over the errors of a father; the one, strong in his own fortunate firmness of bodily texture and mental resolve, has little sympathy with such a gigantic Aspen as Coleridge—the other has a fellow-feeling with his infirmity; the one strikes rudely at the tree, as though it were a mere cumberer of the ground—the other in a more humane and a juster spirit, remembers the lines of Wordsworth,

Touch gently, for there is a spirit in the leaves.

Nothing in this book is to us more delightful than the description he gives of the awe with which he regarded Wordsworth, and of the timidity which made him shrink from an interview with the poet. How different this spirit from the impudent pretension of the intelligent youth of our day, who think themselves "wiser

than all their teachers"—who burst often, unsought and unwelcome, on the privacy of celebrated men, not to display their admiration, but to gratify their curiosity—who go away whispering,

This lion has such great things after all—

and who are faithfully typified by the two immortal young heroes in *Punch*, who are shown in a coffeehouse smoking their cigars, and agreeing that "as for that 'ere Shakspeare, he has been greatly overrated." A very different being was De Quincey in the bright morning and liquid dew of his youth. He regarded Poetry with a passion; and on Wordsworth, as peculiarly the poet of the period, he looked as a lover looks on his mistress, or as a worshipper of nature looks on some awful mountain, which he had heard of from childhood, which he had travelled across provinces to visit, and which, when he begins to climb it, is with a tremulous and half-guilty emotion, as if he were treading on an ideal, or with unbalanced steps walking up the stairs of a sanctuary. "The very image of Wordsworth, as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St. Paul. Twice did I advance as far as the Lake of Coniston, which is about eight miles from the church of Grasmere; and once I absolutely went forwards from Coniston to the very gorge of Hammscar, from which the whole vale of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view in a style of almost theatrical surprise, with its lovely valley stretching before the eye in the distance, the lake lying immediately below, with its solemn ark-like island of four-and-a-half acres in size, seemingly floating on its surface, and its exquisite outline on the opposite shore, revealing all its little bays and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the edge with wild flowers and ferns. In one quarter, a little wood, stretching for about half a mile towards the outlet of the lake; more directly in opposition to the spectator, a few green fields; and beyond them, just two bowshots from the water, a little white cottage gleaming from the midst of trees, with a vast and seemingly never-ending series of ascents rising above it to the height of more than 3000 feet. That little cottage was Wordsworth's. Catching one hasty glimpse of this loveliest of landscapes, I retreated like a guilty thing, for fear I might be surprised by Wordsworth, and then returned faint-heartedly to Coniston, and so to Oxford, *re infectâ*."

These words bring forcibly before us Hazlitt's similar emotions when he first met with Coleridge. They recall, too, certain passages in our own boyish history, when the prospect of meeting with a man reputed great has cost us a night's sleep, or, at least, disturbed it with tumultuous dreams—when we looked with reverence at the very smoke curling out of the manse chimney of one of our objects of youthful hero-worship—the hour when we first felt ourselves in the same church with Chalmers, and were waiting, along with two thousand more, for the opening of his fire-touched lips—the hour when we first saw John Wilson rushing up, like a roused lion, the steps of his chair, and proceeding to utter the opening words of his introductory lecture; or the hour when we first heard the wild accent, wilder laugh, and wildest imagery of Carlyle as he went sounding on his way, by the banks of the Nith, in a divine and holy autumn eve. These days are gone for ever; and, although we still entertain deep respect and admiration for many of our contemporaries, there lives not now a man whom we have any strong desire to see for the first time, or (with the exception of personal friends) any great wish, once met, to meet again. Yet we shall ever look back to these not long-passed days with a pensive joy.

The words of the poet apply as much to youthful enthusiasm as to youthful love.

O happy time of youthful lovers!
O balmy time!
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Was fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!

And what though

The Beautiful is vanish'd and returns not!

is not its memory more beautiful still, even as moonlight, which is Nature's memory of the past day, is lovelier and holier far?

We pass over his fine sketches and close keen analysis of the characters of Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, and especially Miss Wordsworth, who, from Mr. De Quincey's sketch—a sketch evidently written *con amore*—seems to have been the most interesting personage in the group; an ardent, impulsive, true-hearted woman, and glittering all over with wild native genius as with

electric light. The last chapter is, perhaps, the most interesting of all. It recounts the effect produced on his mind by the actual apparition of Wordsworth, whom he found no God or Angel, but a lofty, yet kindly man; not with a glory round his brow, but with the sweetest of smiles upon his lips; a smile the sweeter from the grandeur of the face on which it shone—like what we could conceive a smile to be if breaking upon the lips of the Phidian Jove—as though life were entering into him through the channel of love. It recounts a day, night, tea, and breakfast in Wordsworth's house, the *ménage* of which was then conducted upon the principles of that severe economy and dignified simplicity which should, at least in Milton's notion, distinguish the living of a poet. It narrates a journey from the residence of Wordsworth to that of Southey, through the fairest and wildest scenery of the Lakes—through the magnificent pass under Great Gavel from Wastdalehead and the heights over Patterdale, where "the only sound that even at noonday disturbs the sleep of the weary pedestrian, is that of the bee murmuring amongst the mountain flowers—a sound as ancient

As man's imperial front, and woman's roseate bloom."

The volume closes with a picture of the quiet, serene, yet laborious existence passed by Southey under the shadow of Skiddaw, and with a comparison somewhat strained between him and Gibbon, *i. e.* between the most sceptical and one of the most Fidianistic of men, merely because both were scholars and both lived beside lakes. Yes, truly, "there is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth, and there be salmon in both."

We promised to say something about the curious religious notions propounded by De Quincey, in pages 46 to 54. Here, however, we are compelled to be brief. We think his notion of the meaning of the word "repent," as employed by John the Baptist, very far-fetched and super-subtle. He says it meant, "Wheel into a new centre your moral system; geocentric has that system been to this hour—that is, having earth and the earthly for its starting point—henceforth make it heliocentric; *i. e.* with the sun or the heavenly for its principle of motion." What this means we do not exactly understand; but certain we are it does not mean what John Baptist meant. He intended simply to induce the men of his time to prepare for the coming of Christ, by living better lives, and repenting of their past misdeeds. It was as when a visit of our Queen is expected in a manufacturing and filthy town—the magistrates order the streets to be swept, and give a hint, if they cannot well order the people to cleanse themselves, and put on their best apparel. John, indeed, never intended that those who followed his advice were to be saved thereby; they were merely to be better in order for receiving the Saviour, who was expected with his "fan in his hand." We fancy we see the stern and melancholy face of him who wore the "camel's hair and fed on the wild honey," relaxing into a smile as he hears De Quincey translating his deep dissyllable "Repent" into "Contemplate moral truth as radiating from a new centre!"

What he says next about the differentia of Christianity, being that it and it alone "provided an eternal palestra, or place of exercise for the human understanding"—that it and it alone has professed to *teach* men, as well as to be the organ of their worship, is ingenious, but hardly correct. The priests, he says, of Paganism never pretended to teach, *i. e.* to teach directly. True, but their philosophers did; and the Pagan religion, as a whole, was the combination of the ritual of the priests and the teachings of the philosophers. It was precisely the same with the ancient Jewish system. There the priests taught nothing, except by the language of type and ceremony—the prophets, first by oral communication, and latterly by writing, were the teachers of the people. The real differentia of the Christian system, as a system of instruction, is, that it *unites* in its ministers the characters of the priest and the teacher. Every Christian pastor is at once a priest and a prophet.

But what does De Quincey mean by saying that "Islamism is its own (*i. e.* the Christian religion's own) adaptation to a barbarous and imperfect civilisation." We always thought it was one called Mahomet who adapted Christianity to the state of the Arabs—that is, who *diluted and corrupted it down* to the low level of the oriental tribes. We always thought Islamism, like

Popery, a hideous caricature of Christianity, made by the devil, through a man of great talent and thorough-going profligacy, and not, as it now appears, Christianity casting its original skin, and, in a spirit of accommodation which would have amazed the Apostles, "adapting" itself to the licentiousness, falsehood, and hot passions of the Arabian and Saracenic races. We suppose we shall next hear of "Mormonism" being a farther adaptation of Christianity to the prostitutes and blackguards of the great Salt-Lake; and what is to hinder some wonderful spouter, like Mr. Gough, to repair to Australia, and, by a combination of teetotalism, ventriloquism, and oratorical claptrap, creating a new version of Christianity, "adapted" to the drabs, diggers, and desperadoes of that country?

With such exceptions as we have stated, we have great pleasure in recommending the new volume of the master-writer, although not master-thinker, of the present day to all our readers.

APOLLODORUS.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood's best paper this month is on "The Greek Church," which will be read with more than common interest at this moment. Its most amusing article is an abstract of a very clever French novel, entitled "Count Sigismund's Will." The recent ill-natured biographer of Mr. Disraeli is assailed with uncommon fierceness; but half the force of the castigation is lost through the strange tirade of vulgar abuse in which the critic indulges. Calling names is not a critic's duty, and it is remarkable that in this essay the reviewer commits the self-same fault for which he so fiercely rates the author. We had hoped that vulgarisms of this sort were now confined to the pages of *Fraser*.

The third number of the *London Quarterly Review*—an organ, we believe, of one of the Church parties—very wisely devotes the greater portion of its pages to its professed purposes; for it is a great mistake committed by all the religious periodicals, that they mingle too much of secularism with their theology. General literature should be sought in reviews devoted to it; but religious reviews should preserve their distinctive character by devoting their pages entirely to topics connected with it. Of this character in the new number of the *London Quarterly* are papers on "Thiersch as a Theologian and a Critic," on "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," on "The Mormons," on "Recent Discoveries in Palestine," and on "Richard Watson." Alexander Smith is the theme of essays both here and in *Blackwood*.

The *Art Journal* for March has engravings of Landseer's "Peace," Wilson's "Ruined Temple," and Romney's "Bacchante," from the Vernon Gallery. Lentura is the "Great Master" whose works are selected for notice and specimens; and modern German art is exhibited in some fine woodcuts from a Life of Martin Luther, in fifty pictures by G. König.

The *Eclectic Review* deals in its vigorous style with Disraeli, "Lord Holland's Memoirs," the "Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister," and other topics, some of the present, some of all time.

The *Dublin University Magazine* presents a map of the North-west Passage and a portrait of Captain Maclure, immortalised by the discovery. The Eastern Question is handled, of course; but the paper that has most pleased us is entitled "British Spinsterhood Abroad."

The *Natural History Review* is a promising periodical published in Dublin, and wholly devoted to recording the progress of natural history, and the proceedings of its societies.

The *Ladies' Companion* exhibits a long array of contributors known to literature, headed by Miss Pardoe. It is very light, as such a periodical should be.

The *Bouquet* is a periodical got up by amateurs, who thus pay for the privilege of appearing in print. As may be supposed, there is a great diversity—some are creditable, some vile.

Orr's *Circle of the Sciences* is designed to be a cheap collection of handbooks of science. They are well written.

Dr. Lardner's *Museum of Science and Art*, Part III., is one of the best, if not the very best, of the cheap periodicals, for it really makes science popular. The subjects treated of in this part are "Railway Accidents," "Are the Planets inhabited?" "Meteors" and "Light." A child can understand these essays, and yet the wisest man will profit by their perusal.

Tomlinson's *Cyclopaedia of Useful Arts*, Part XL., has advanced as far as the word "Warming and Ventilation." It is profusely embellished with engravings.

The *Family Friend*, Nos. 88 and 89, deserves its success. It is crowded with useful matter, and is wondrously cheap.

The third number of Orr's *Household Handbooks* is devoted to "Household Medicine and Surgery"—a sensible little book, containing useful hints for the treatment of the ordinary diseases.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

HISTORICAL epochs are best and most agreeably represented in historical biographies. We read the history of the time in the history of the man, however humble the part he may have played in his day and generation. Twenty, or thirty, or a hundred biographies of man, who have lived and acted during the same period of time, furnish us with so many pictures of society, as it then existed; and with so many verdicts on its character and tendencies, as it then presented itself to men of differently constituted minds. The lives of comparatively speaking humble and obscure men often illustrate an epoch, too, better than the lives of those who have played a prominent part in it. Examples of this kind will readily occur to the memory of the general reader. We have in our mind at present one of those singular religious phenomena that marked the first half of the sixteenth century, the Anabaptists of Munster. We should like to stumble upon an autobiography of Nicolas Storch, who surrounded himself with twelve apostles and seventy-two disciples; upon a memoir of Knipperdolling, the clothier; or upon the Life and Times of Bockelson, the tailor of Leyden, written by himself. For lack of any such desiderata, we have to content ourselves with what Dr. C. O. Cornelius has to present us in his book *Die Geschichtsquellen des Bisthums Münster*, ("The Bishopric of Munster's historical sources.") The second volume bears the subtitle *Berichte der Augenzeugen über das Münsterische Widerstandsreich*, ("Accounts by Eye-witnesses respecting the Anabaptist Kingdom in Munster;")—which kingdom, the reader will recollect, was set up by John Bockelson, tailor, alias John of Leyden, better known, perhaps, through Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, than Menzel's pages. Among these accounts of eye-witnesses, collected by Dr. Cornelius with great care and industry, there is the account of Master Heinrich Gresbeck, a handicraftsman and native of Munster, who, after a long absence, returned to his birth-place, in 1534, was baptised, and for fifteen months shared all the pleasures and sufferings of his co-religionists, the Anabaptists. Munster was besieged by the troops of its expelled bishop, was reduced to great straits through famine, and at length fell into the hands of the besiegers through treason. Master Heinrich Gresbeck was one of the traitors. Tired of fasting and fighting, and disgusted with his leaders, he escaped from the city, and revealed its weak points to the enemy. Besides Gresbeck's account, we have the chronicle of a nun, who lived in Munster in 1534-35, and a variety of interesting historical documents having reference to this historical episode.

Illustrative of the same century, but covering a wider basis, is a work by Dr. Lisch, keeper of the archives of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg—*Joachim Maltzan, oder Urkunden-Sammlung zur Geschichte Deutschlands*, &c. ("Joachim Maltzan, or Collection of original Documents, illustrative of the History of Germany during the first half of the sixteenth century.") Of Maltzan, and his acts and deeds, hitherto little has been recorded. We looked into Zedler's huge folios, to which, when destitute of dates and facts, we generally make appeal; but all that we found respecting the man there was a dry German genealogy. Maltzan, however, as a general and statesman, played no inconsiderable part in history. He was born in 1492. In 1512 he entered the imperial service, and fought with distinction in the Italian wars. In 1518 he entered the service of the King of France; and after eight years again entered the service of Austria. He fought against the Hungarians, against the Turks, and against the princes of the Schmalkald Union. Meanwhile he became strongly attached to Protestantism, and afterwards acted to strengthen the party he had formerly acted against. For this he was deprived of his estates for a time. He afterwards entered the service of Duke Albrecht of Mecklenburg, whom he attended in a campaign against Charles V. While in the duke's service he was appointed on embassies to England and France respecting the Evangelical Union. After an active and useful life, he died in 1556. The documents collected by Dr. Lisch to illustrate the life and times of his hero, have more than a mere local and personal interest, and must be referred to by every future his-

torian of the Reformation in Germany, and of contemporaneous historical events.

We are introduced to the acquaintance of another hero and man of war by Alfred Arneht—*Das Leben des Kaiserlichen Feldmarschalls Grafen Guido Starhenberg (1657-1737): ein Beitrag zur österreichischen Geschichte* ("The Life of Fieldmarshal Count Guido Starhenberg: a contribution to Austrian history"). It would appear from the author's preface, that this is the first step towards a compilation of the lives of the military heroes of Austria; and he has chosen Guido of Starhenberg, among other men no less distinguished, because he is fascinated with a man "who in different countries of Europe, on the slopes of the Balkan as on those of the Pyrenees, at the foot of the Carpathian, as at the foot of the Appennines, combated famously for the interests of his emperor, who carried the banner of the German branch of the house of Austria into the heart of Spain, and farther also than it ever yet had been." Guido was the contemporary and comrade of the celebrated Prince Eugene, and was related to the famous Rüdiger, Count of Starhenberg, who, when in 1683 the emperor, alarmed at the approach of an immense army of Turks, fled from Vienna, bravely defended it for above two months against the Paynim host, causing himself, after he had been wounded, to be carried daily round the works, to give instructions and encouragement to his soldiers. Guido, during this memorable siege, won no small renown for having, among other deeds of daring, seized, with great presence of mind, the brand which had been cast into the grand powder-magazine. War in those days was less diplomatically, but, after all, perhaps, more chivalrously, conducted than in modern times. Then the chiefs and field-officers did not take a position a little behind the lines, but advanced openly at the head of their troops, to do battle with the enemy hand to hand. Guido in his campaigns, sometimes as a subaltern, and sometimes as a leader, was wounded more than a dozen times, and had scarcely recovered before he was again ready to rush into the thickest of the iron hail of the foe. The siege of Ofen, and the brave defence of its garrison, under the command of Abdurhaman Pasha, as described by the present author, will be read with lively interest.

From men of war, whose exploits and fame are too often the theme of the historian, let us turn to men of peace, whose beneficent and unostentatious deeds are too often committed to oblivion—too often left unsaid and unsung. To celebrate humble worth and useful labour Georg Heinrich Klippel appears before us, with the first volume of a work entitled *Deutsche Lebens- und Charakterbilder aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert* ("Sketches of German Life and Character from the last three Centuries"). The sketches are confined to the delineation of men of piety, worth, and learning—to the portraiture of the patriotic citizen and the patient scholar. This present volume enrolls the names of the principal worthies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here we encounter the names of reformers and men of learning—such as Spangenberg, Bugenhagen, Corvin, the celebrated schoolman, Michael Neander, Peter Lotichius Secundus, the famous Latin poet, and many other names, once popular in Germany, but now forgotten by all but the scholar. The early death of Lotichius is ascribed to a tragical occurrence. He was residing with his pupils in Bologna in 1554, and lodged in the same house with a young nobleman of handsome person, from Munich, with whom also he took his meals. This young nobleman was enamoured of a lady of distinction belonging to the city, much to the chagrin of the mistress of the hotel, who had used every effort to engage his affections, and who, finding that her passion was not reciprocated, resolved to destroy him, by mixing poison with his food. Lotichius, who was not partial to highly spiced dishes, fancied, one day, that the plate placed before the nobleman contained less of the objectionable ingredient than did his own, and exchanged messes with him. The poison soon began to manifest itself; but the poet escaped immediate death by swallowing a quantity of olive oil. His health, however, was for ever destroyed. Every autumn until he died

he had an attack of fever and delirium. He died at the age of thirty-two.

Another biography of a useful student and remarkable philologist—of the most remarkable philologist, perhaps, since the death of Mezzofanti—we have from a Swede. *Mathias Alexander Castren, tecknad af Carl. Gust. Borg*, ("M. A. C. sketched by C. G. B.") Castren was a Finlander, born in 1813 at Tervola, where his father laboured as a clergyman, and where, from a private tutor, he received his early education. When he was but eleven years old his father died, and his mother was left a widow with eight children, and without the means of educating them. The young man received his further education at the public schools of Uleaborg. He was subsequently enabled, through the kindness of relatives, to pursue his studies at the University, where his progress was satisfactory and rapid. But Castren, notwithstanding his attainments, had to struggle with adversity until almost his dying day. He experienced in all their bitterness the fortunes of a poor scholar. Honour and easy circumstances did visit him, but only when his health was shattered, and when he stood upon the very verge of his grave. In 1836 he passed his first examinations at the University with much *éclat*, and soon after began the study of the Oriental languages. But his great passion, his patriotic desire, was to be thorough master of the language and literature of his country; for the Finns, good reader, and the Lapps too, notwithstanding their stunted growth, and northern climate, and smoky huts, and their witches and warlocks, have a literature of great interest—have their epics, their lyrics, their love-songs, their legends that have descended to them from far-distant generations, and much more of a similar character, which Castren determined to become acquainted with. At this time he was hale and vigorous; could hunt, shoot, and fish, and walk a reasonable number of miles a day. He thus was fortified to undertake successfully many a long journey in store for him; for we should have stated that Castren was not more skilful as a linguist than adventurous as a traveller. His first journey was a rapid one, in the company of his friend Dr. Christiern, into Finnish Lapland, in the course of which he extended his knowledge of the Finnish language. He afterwards set out on a similar journey, and with the view of visiting Russia and Norwegian Lapland. On his route he received the welcome intelligence that he had been appointed by the Academy of St. Petersburg as linguist and ethnographer to an expedition which it was intended to dispatch to Northern Siberia. Previously to entering upon this employment, he undertook, in 1842, a daring and fatiguing excursion among the Terski Laps. After the lapse of some weeks, his sufferings induced him to return to Archangel, to recruit his health. This effected, he set out on his mission, furnished by the Academy with funds. He left Archangel, and pursued his course to Mesen by Cholmogor and Pinega, and from thence along the Frozen Sea to the Petchora, confining his investigations to the Western Samoyedes or Juraks. In the spring of 1843, he ascended the Petchora to Ustzylnsk and Ishemk, where he began his Zyryan studies. He took up his abode among the Bolschesemelks, in a miserable hut in the village of Kolva, where he was exposed to heat and damp, to the attacks of flies and vermin, and to the no less annoying attacks of village brats, who assailed him with shouts and noisy merriment all day long. He writes of his stay here:

Although accustomed to work under all circumstances, I had here, however, the greatest trouble in the world to collect my ideas. To obtain some quietness I had to take refuge in a kind of cave excavated under the hut. In this subterranean abode it was that I composed my Zyryan grammar, though I was constantly disturbed by the rats and the mice. As to my Samoyedan studies, which were my grand occupation during my stay at Kolva, I was obliged to follow them on the upper floor, as my subterranean refuge inspired my professor with a kind of superstitious dread, which would never permit him to penetrate it.

We have not space to follow the traveller through his long and painful journey to Northern Siberia, along the borders of the Frozen Ocean, and wherein his health was greatly injured. In

1845 he once more set out on his travels, along with a companion, and took the direction of Kasan, where he resided some time, to complete his Teheremiss studies, and from thence once more entered Siberia, in the government of Tobolsk; and there it was that his mission commenced in earnest. During the summer of this year he rested between the Ob and the Irtisch, among the Ostiacks. In autumn he ascended the Ob, and visited the Samoyed tribes, considered to be of Ostiack origin. In 1846 he visited the Yeniseik Ostiacks, and, descending the Yenisei, several tribes of oriental Samoyedes. Among these tribes he wintered, experiencing all the horrors and hardships of a Siberian climate. This portion of the story should be read in the dog-days, to reduce, through imagination, the temperature of the body. Next year we find him among the Tartars, and find that he twice penetrated the Celestial Empire. It was now his intention to reside for some time at Omsk, to gain additional information respecting the Samoyedan Ostiacks and Ugrian Ostiacks; but the deplorable state of his health made it necessary that he should return to Finland. Honours awaited him, and a special chair for the language and literature of Finland was erected for him in the University of St. Petersburg, with a salary attached to it which would have placed him in easy circumstances; but he enjoyed his appointment for a few months only. He died of a painful disease, the consequence of his fatigues in the cause of science. His philological studies embraced between thirty and forty languages, with their dialects.

A writer in the CRITIC a few numbers back gave an interesting account of the state of Turkish literature, which must have been new to many of our readers. To the list of works quoted by that writer, we have now to add another—*La Muse Ottomane; ou, Chefs-d'œuvre de la Poésie Turque, &c.* ("The Ottoman Muse; or, Masterpieces of Turkish Poetry. Translated for the first time into French verse; with a précis of the history of Poetry among the Turks"), by Servan de Snigny. Not many will care for the French verse; indeed, had the translations been in English verse, we should have said much the same of it. Paraphrastic versions of Oriental poetry—indeed, of Greek and Roman poetry—are seldom satisfactory; but the *précis* is instructive. The Turkish was originally a Tartar language; but, in the course of ages, borrowing from the Persian and Arabic, and mingling these with the original jargon, the classic language of Turkey has arisen, which is spoken by the educated of Constantinople at the present day. Garcin de Tassy observes of the Turkish language:—

We can learn by what way and by what means it has attained that singular beauty, which the works published during the latter times in Constantinople present so many striking examples of. Born under the form of a Tartar dialect, for some time it suffered under the poverty and barbarity which reigned among the peoples who used it. Soon it availed itself of a great number of words, taken from the Persian; then, upon the introduction of Islamism among the people who inhabit the borders of the Caspian, it acquired new riches, by borrowing largely from the Arabic language. Having assimilated with extreme facility most of the words of these two languages, after having submitted them to its own rules of construction and inflexion, it gained that amplitude, that ease of expression, by which it is at present distinguished.

This book will be read in spite of the French verse.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 135.)

SHORTLY before the expiration of 1853 the *Civiltà Cattolica* put forth a programme for the fifth year of its existence, promising, with the new era, to commence a series of historic essays starting from the questions of the Greek Schism and the Holy Places; to continue its illustrations of the fallacy of the theory assigning sovereign power to the people; and also its strictures on philosophic systems. The Padre Bresciani, author of the brilliantly-written (if a little too highly coloured) romance of modern revolutionary history, *L'Ebreo di Verona* ("The Jew of Verona; or, a Picture of Italian Revolutions in 1848-9"), has resumed, after suspension necessitated by illness, his contributions in the same province, under the title *Ubaldo ed Irene*, another work of fiction, dedicated to the illustration of political and moral theories—the outlines of its story being briefly these:—In the period it is to extend over, 1790 to 1814, an Italian Count, imbued with the principles of Voltaire and Rousseau, obliges his wife, a mild-tempered, re-

ligious lady, to abandon totally the education of their eldest daughter to a Parisian lady of fashion, a *philosophe* according to the prevailing mode of the day, who, of course, experimentalises on her protégée from the inspirations of *Héloïse* and *Emile*; but the young lady not growing up a paragon of perfection according to her fond parent's expectation (on the contrary displaying indications of rather alarming latitude, as a walking Encyclopædia, a personified philosophy of social revolution in the fair sex), he, the father, reluctantly resolves to allow the opposite theory its chance of success in his unfortunate domestic circle; and the twin brother and sister Ubaldo and Irene, born after the lapse of some years, are left, for the consolation of the ill-used mother, to be trained in the principles of religion and old-fashioned morality, which the dashing Lauretta has been taught to laugh at. Knowing something of the adventures of this clever writer, our surprise may be modified at finding such varied powers of description, pathetic, comic, and picturesque, such knowledge of life in its contrasted phases, in one whose present sphere is a Jesuit cloister. Bresciani, like St. Ignatius, before becoming a priest was a soldier, who fought under Napoleon in many momentous battles, and, I believe, that of Austerlitz among others. Padre Carci, the principal editor of the *Civiltà*, has retired for a time to a more quiet scene in some provincial town to occupy himself on a series of essays, treating the questions of national education, for this periodical. The astronomer belonging to the same society, Father Secchi, has the idea of bringing out a memoir on the cultivation of his science in Rome. He has been superintending the construction, on the summit of the church attached to the Collegio Romano, of a new and much finer observatory, being a circular chamber turning round on grooves, with another of elliptical form adjacent, for the meridian quadrant. A telescope, fourteen Parisian feet in length, is expected shortly to arrive from Munich for the furnishing of this improved Specula. The direction of this Observatory has only been held by Secchi since the return of the Jesuits after their dispersion in 1848. He is still a young man, but has already obtained tokens of European fame, and, among others, that of admission to membership in the Royal Society of London. It may be of interest to some readers to learn that, through the medium of their periodical, the Jesuits have here expressed an opinion regarding the mysterious pretensions of "spirit rapping"—which may, I believe, be taken as that prevalent in ecclesiastical circles of Rome—in a cleverly elaborate article on this subject: the *Civiltà* having denounced it as pertaining to the order of diabolical agencies. Instance (I am informed) has been made to the Pontiff by two ecclesiastics, who had travelled expressly in this object from the United States, to interpose with an *ex cathedra* sentence for the suppression, or, at least, spiritual inhibition against these wonder-working practices.

To return to historic novelties: the most substantial works of this class brought out within recent years in Rome, are the *Dictionary of Erudition*, by Moroni, and the *Italian Annals*, by the Abbate Coppi. This last comprises the period from 1750 to 1845, and the eighth volume has now brought the reverend author to the term of his labours. The first edition of the opening volumes appeared in 1824-27, and received favourable suffrages from all the leading Italian journals; a second edition was issued at Macerata in 1829; and the last division of the work, in a thick octavo, treating the period from 1830 to 1845, has been lately produced after long suspension. The idea with which Coppi started was, to continue the renowned annals of Muratori, brought to their close at the date 1749. Without the slightest pretension, or any attempt to establish theories, he has prepared for posterity a practically useful narrative of events, conscientiously minute, and systematically arranged under a chronologic plan, which greatly facilitates the task of reference or comparison; nor is it only of Italy, but of Europe in general, that the events are here recorded, so that the reader is pleased by finding a performance far beyond the promise. Each year has a chapter, and each chapter a table of contents, besides the general index filling a separate volume. The style is only remarkable for unaffected simplicity and clearness; but the example set by the Abbate might be followed with advantage in more ambitious undertakings. Of the *Dizionario d'Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastico*, has just appeared the sixty-third volume. This immense work keeps up its character for erudition; and that not merely on historic or purely ecclesiastical subjects, but archaeology, topographic information, national customs, biographies of men distinguished by various titles—almost all, in short, that the student of history, in its most enlarged sense and multifarious bearings, would desire to know. Observing that each of these sixty-three volumes contains rather upwards of 300 pages, one perceives the impossibility of their accomplishment by a single pen, nor is it any secret that the ostensible author employs assistants; but that the great body of matter is actually his own, I am well assured. The report has been repeated to me that the first five volumes were mainly prepared by an author in more exalted position—even Gregory XVI. himself; but this I must doubt, knowing how the time of a Pope is filled, and divided over daily-prescribed occupations by

the severe routine of the Vatican. It is also said, that subsequently to the death of his master and patron, Gaetano Moroni has received far less support from other writers or contributors; and I have had occasion to observe, with surprise, the slight consideration, often depreciating tone of the Romans, towards a writer whose Encyclopædic labours (to say nothing of his generally pleasing style) will certainly entitle him to the gratitude of the studious in all future ages. Beginning his career as the barber of the late Pontiff, he is said to have arrived at man's estate before securing the advantages of anything like a liberal education; and at present Moroni holds in the household of Pius IX. only the subordinate post assigned to the *ajutante di camera* (chamberlain assistant) of a late Pontificate, entitled to the retiring pension under that succeeding.

The English in Rome are provided with the "comfortable" at the reading-rooms on the Piazza di Spagna, almost up to the requirement of our nationality; they would naturally have been indignant had the threat, some weeks ago issuing from the police authorities, been enforced, of violently closing this establishment. Happily this danger is averted, thanks to the exertion of interest, principally that of our consular agent, and to the more just exercise of his office by Monsignor Mattenci, head of that unpopular department. Piale, the proprietor of the reading-rooms, had, it seems, been intrigued against from motives of commercial jealousy; but it is scarcely doubted that the pretext of political disaffection was put forward for his undoing. He has at last published the little volume on the Appian Way, *La Voyageur sur la Voie Appienne*, by M. Billaud, a gentleman attached to the French Legation, either actually or formerly. Without approaching the erudition and ability displayed by Canina on the same subject, this forms a useful manual, minutely describing every detail of antiquity, and copying almost all the epigraphs on the excavated monuments. I believe it has been erroneously stated that the beautifully-illustrated work by Canina has the price of 20 scudi exacted, only 15 being the amount.

The concourse of strangers now in Rome is immense; and among these are more celebrities than usually meet here from beyond the Alps. Dickens paid the Eternal City but a flying visit, too short to add any touches to his *Pictures from Italy* in this quarter. Thackeray is established here, with his amiable daughters, for the season, and, I am sorry to learn, has suffered from severe illness, which prevented his accepting the invitation to preside at a Christmas dinner, given by some of the English artists. Lockhart is also among us, in the quest of health, and is (I am told) invariably to be met at the *soirées* of Mrs. Sartoris. Likewise may be seen, at all public places, the lady once most graciously treated by the above-named genius of the *Quarterly* as the authoress of *Nine Poems* by V. Mr. and Mrs. Browning arrived shortly before Christmas, whilst the most dismal weather the season has yet inflicted was prevailing—partly accounting for, what I learnt with regret, the fact that the first impressions of Rome in the mind of that gifted poetess were disappointing. No one can be admitted to the acquaintance of this admirable lady without feeling enhanced interest in the productions of her genius, finding it allied to a character of such sweetness, and manners so unassumingly, quietly graceful. Mrs. Jameson was expected; but, I am sorry to hear, has abandoned the project of her journey hitherto.

P.S.—Correct the name given as that of the artist now executing a model of the Colosseum for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—Stefanori—into Pieroni, the real one: your correspondent having been led into mistake by another party.

CURIOUS CALCULATION TO ILLUSTRATE POPULATION.—If all the people of Great Britain had to pass through London in procession, four abreast, and every facility was afforded for their free and uninterrupted passage, during twelve hours daily, Sundays excepted, it would take nearly three months for the whole population of Great Britain to file through, at the rate of one a second, would take a year and a half, assuming that the same number of hours daily were occupied, and that Sundays also were excepted. —*Cheshire's Results of the Census.*

THE EVER-YOUTHFUL PALMERSTON.—Unlike almost any other man in the world, he doesn't get fat, and he doesn't get thin; he doesn't stoop; he doesn't totter; he doesn't use a stick, nor a wig, nor a list-shoe, nor a top-coat; nor does he look as if he ever could, would, or should do anything of the kind. See him in what weather you will, you always find him in the same temperature—always equable, always serene, yet always genial. Hail, rain, or snow, out of doors, it is always sunshine with him. In the dog-days or in December, other men come into the House either panting like so many semi-calced sugar-bakers, or shivering like recently-submerged skaters dragged out of the *Serpentine* by the barbarians of the Humane Society. But, be the thermometer at 99 of Fahrenheit or 04 of Reaumur, Palmerston is corporeally never either hot or cold, and mentally the medium is seemingly ever the same.—*Daily Paper.*

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

The Eye in Health and Disease; with an Account of the Optometer, for the Adaptation of Glasses for Impaired, Aged, or Defective Sight; being the substance of Lectures delivered at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital. By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S., &c.—This is a second edition of an elegant and useful work, and it contains, in addition to the lectures in the original edition, a valuable paper on the brilliant discovery of Professor Wheatstone, known by the name of the stereoscope—an instrument by which drawings of objects of nature and art can be represented, with the perfection of light, shade, and appearance of solidity, as they are seen by the healthy individual directing both eyes to the same object. Mr. Smeé has given a very lucid account of the theory of binocular vision, as illustrated by the stereoscope, which will be very acceptable to the reader, particularly as the subject has hitherto come before the public in a form somewhat technical and obscure. Mr. Smeé's observations may be thus familiarly condensed:—Although it is supposed that a person who has lost one eye, sees objects with the remaining eye precisely as those see them who are privileged with the use of two eyes, yet there is, in fact, a material difference, arising from the circumstance that the two eyes, being placed two or three inches apart from each other, give each a different perspective view of any given object; and as, in nature, the two eyes are always directed to the same point, it follows that the same part of the same object must be the same point of sight for the two perspectives. So that if a faithful picture of what is thus seen as depicted in a binocular perspective drawing, could be delineated by an artist, it would consist of two drawings overlapping each other, without any confusion of outline, the point of sight in both being the same. By this overlapping, as shown by the stereoscope, lights and shades, tones, and the effect of breadth, are produced, such as the eyes really observe in nature. Mr. Smeé lays down certain leading rules as the laws of binocular perspective, for the use of the painter as a guide in the production of a drawing intended to represent as near as possible the effect produced by this phenomenon. It is remarkable that in the development of these principles, the colours which overlap each other to the two eyes do not give the compound colour which would result if they were mixed; and, seen by one eye, it is rather the appearance of a film or coloured gauze overlapping other colours, and not the ordinary compound colour. One of the few artists who have seen Turner paint stated that, in painting the near objects, he lightly touched with his brush, and then placed his finger over it, whereby he produced a semi-transparent streak instead of a line. This streak enabled the more distant objects to be seen behind it, and thus the conditions of binocular perspective were in part fulfilled. We cannot follow the author through all the interesting experiments which he introduces, which are calculated, however, to afford instructive and interesting views of the mental image which results from the combined physical pictures of both eyes. The work concludes with "short rules for the preservation of sight and choice of spectacles," in which he introduces the use of his optometer. The following rules in regard to "lights," are likely to be very useful:—

"LIGHTS.—1. The eye should never view an intense light. 2. The light of a flame should never fall upon any part of the eye during use. 3. Bodies of all colours should be equally viewed, and, after regarding a bright or primary colour, repose should be sought by looking at a tertiary colour. 4. An unsteady flame is hurtful during reading or writing. 5. The eye is liable to damage from being employed on black objects by artificial light, because it is insufficient for the purpose. 6. The observation of objects at the reflecting angle is hurtful from the intensity of the light. 7. All coverings to lights are injurious, as the clearness of the flame is diminished, and ground glass shades are particularly detrimental. 8. Reading during railway travelling is hurtful, because of the constant unsteady motion which is imparted to the book. 9. The observation of objects during rapid locomotion is trying and detrimental to vision. 10. Glasses of neutral tint, blue or green colour, may be employed to protect the eyes from a bright sun in the middle of the day, but they are injurious when the light is not painfully intense. 11. Rapid transition from darkness to intense light is liable to be followed by blindness."

Practical Observations on Gout and its Complications, and on the Treatment of Joints stiffened by Gouty Deposits. By F. SPENCER WELLS, F.R.C.S., late Assistant-Surgeon in Malta Hospital, &c.—"This is one of the first works," says the author, in the dedication to Sir John Forbes, "in which the principles of the natural care of disease, so ably developed by

you, have been practically applied to a special subject." This opens a question of considerable interest in modern times, viz., how far disease is prone to recovery under the favourable influences of nature, without the appliance of drugs or any artificial aid. In the discussion of this question, as illustrated by the natural history of gout, Mr. Wells proposes "to impart some facts which will not be found in other books, and to make certain reflections upon these facts." In proceeding to his task the author gives us the modern view of the causes of gout, as consisting of a certain morbid material in the blood, showing how this condition is produced by hereditary tendency, and other predisposing and exciting causes. He then treats of gout as modified by rheumatism, and by syphilis; then of the morbid anatomy of gout; of gout in the female; of the natural and artificial treatment of gout, &c. The work is well written, and full of sensible observations on a most threadbare subject; but, in analysing the practical application of "the principles of the natural cure of disease," said to be so ably developed" by Sir John Forbes, we cannot say that we have been able to discover anything either new or original in Mr. Wells's treatise. We do not deny that he may have illustrated certain views which have been published by Sir John Forbes; but whatever is valuable might have been written many years ago. Indeed, except in calling the attention of the profession to the necessity of abstaining from treatment, distrusting the efficacy of drugs in order to test their value, and thus watching the patient's struggles without giving him a helping hand, we do not know what Sir John Forbes has done towards elucidating or improving the art of healing. Every observant man knew long ago that many diseases have generally a tendency, sooner or later, to get well of themselves; that there is in the human system a merciful provision calculated to right what is wrong, to expel what is hurtful, and to conserve and appropriate what is useful; and that the use of the non-naturals, as they were called in past times, or "natural medicine," as they are now called, is a great help towards ridding the system of disease. Diet and regimen, i. e. pure air, exercise, early rising, wholesome food and drink, clothing suitable to the season, bathing, warmth, and shelter, due rest of the body and peace of the mind, with sufficient activity of both—who did not know a hundred years ago that these things had a large share in maintaining or restoring health, and that, taken altogether, they are worth all the drugs in the storehouses at Apothecaries' Hall? Calling things by new names does not alter their nature. True, it seemed absurd enough to call these very natural and rational means of health by the name of non-naturals; and perhaps the ancients made such a use of these things that they might in their hands deserve the name; but still we do not find any therapeutical treasures unfolded, or any learned road to health developed in this volume, which were not already familiar to the profession. It should be mentioned, however, that Mr. Wells gives a short chapter on "The Cold Water Cure," which he considers to hold an intermediate space between the natural and medicinal treatment of disease. The whole of this chapter has our warmest approbation; it is the cream of the volume; and its practical value is far beyond the other contents of the book, because it is *new science*: it is a reduction of known facts to a system, it is culling the few flowers which spring up in the wilderness of quackery, and cultivating them for the use of mankind. Mr. Wells says truly that, though hydropathy was originated and has been practised by quacks, who have misrepresented it as a cure for all diseases, with much abuse of regular practice and educated practitioners, yet, as it has effected much good, "we must overlook all this, and, with the sincere desire to seize all the good to be in any way obtained for our patients, examine what really can be effected by the scientific application of the various processes the professors of hydropathy have practised with more or less judgment, or with more or less ignorance and boldness." He then proceeds to point out its uses in gout, and the rules for its safe and effectual appliance in this disease, which he does in a way which commends itself to the good sense and approbation of every medical reader. We should hail with great satisfaction similar observations from the pen of any qualified medical man, on the use of cold water in other diseases. There is no quackery in using cold water any more than rose water as a lotion, if it can be proved to do any good in disease. We commend Mr. Wells for this honest and bold acknowledgment, and for his thus adventuring an expression of opinion which may not be received so cordially as it deserves by his medical brethren. For ourselves, we hold no terms with quacks or quackery, for the thing itself is knavery, and every quack is a knave. Still, it is so seldom that we are able to speak with respect of any of the expedients of quackery, that, on the principle of giving even the quack his *due*, we acknowledge Mr. Wells is right in his opinion that

much real good has been done in these dens of quackery (as well as much mischief); and it becomes the profession to step in and appropriate the good, as well as guard the public from exposure to the evil—especially as Mr. Wells shows that hydropathy is best practised at home, and under medical direction.

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The *Furunculoid Epidemic* is still raging, as appears from the returns of the registrar-general of the births and deaths in London for the last fourteen years. In the year 1840, there were registered only 2 deaths from carbuncle in London; in the year 1841 only 1 death; in the year 1846, 3 deaths; in the following five years, ending with 1851, the average annual deaths from carbuncle amounted to 17. In the year 1852 there were 50 deaths from this cause; and in the year 1853, no fewer than 70. In January of this year there were 6 deaths, and in the last month (February) 9 deaths—a higher number than has yet occurred in any one month. When we consider that formerly carbuncle was a rare disease, and a death from carbuncle an extremely rare occurrence; that a steady increase has been noted in the proportion of deaths from this cause, from year to year for several years; and now that a rapid increase has been observed even from month to month—these are circumstances which ought to arouse the attention of the Profession. It is not that the mortality is fearful, or indeed important, in amount. But, in the present improved condition of medicine and surgery, it is probable that to not more than two per cent. of those who are attacked with carbuncle does the disease prove fatal. Nine deaths from carbuncle in February will therefore imply that some four or five hundred persons have been attacked with the disease during the last month! Then every medical practitioner will report, if asked, that where he sees one case of carbuncle, he sees at least a hundred cases of the true furuncle or boil. It is not unlikely, therefore, that this epidemic has attacked no fewer than 50,000 of the inhabitants of London during the last month. In fact, such a tendency exists to purulent and pustular diseases, that there must be some existing cause producing so extraordinary a state of the blood—either some epidemic constitution of the atmosphere, as Sydenham termed it, or some electro-magnetic condition of the earth, or some other physical peculiarity, to account for an epidemic which has certainly spread over all lands, and invaded every civilised, and probably every uncivilised, country on the face of the earth. We understand the attention of the Epidemiological Society has been directed to this epidemic, but that its researches are much embarrassed for the want of the small pecuniary help which would pay the expenses of printing and circulating the necessary inquiries, and arranging and publishing the results. If this is true, it is a disgrace to the country, and even to Government. Why is not a grant of a few hundred pounds placed at their disposal?

MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

Weight and Specific Gravity of the Brain in Insanity.—Dr. Skae read a curious paper on this subject recently at the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, in which it was shown that the specific gravity of the brain, in both the white and grey portions, is greater in insane persons than in others, whereas the entire weight of the brain was less; consequently the bulk of the brain in the insane must be comparatively small.

Epidemiological Society.—The importance of this society of investigation appears to be fully appreciated by the Directors of the Hon. East India Company, who have issued orders to the three Presidencies of India that the information sought for by the Society on the subjects of small-pox, cholera, and other epidemics, shall forthwith be forwarded by the gentlemen in charge of the medical registries, which are kept with an order, a fulness, and an accuracy not to be found under any European government. The publication of these documents, either *in extenso* or in substance, would be a great addition to our medical literature.

The "Gay" Movement.—The indignation of the medical profession at the course adopted by that once popular journal, the *Lancet*, in the disgraceful affair of Mr. Gay's dismissal from the Royal Free Hospital, appears to know no bounds. Even that grave and decorous, not to say cold and apathetic, but highly respectable body, the Medical and Chirurgical Society, have resolved that the *Lancet* shall no longer lie upon their library table, nor be admitted in their library; and, lest they should seem to sanction the puff biographical, the members have also excluded the *Medical Circular*. The Midland Branch of the Provincial Medical Association, at a quarterly meeting lately held at Leicester, unanimously resolved "that the partial and one-sided statements contained in late numbers of the *Lancet*, have forfeited for the publication its title to the confidence of the profession." A meeting of the South-Eastern Branch of the Association is also to be shortly held, chiefly for the purpose of considering the propriety of expressing an

opinion on Mr. Gay's case. There is no conspiracy, no plot, but a deep and wide-spread sense of injury and insult offered to the whole profession, which no living man can brave with impunity. It is, indeed, a matter of rejoicing to see so strong a fraternal feeling manifested in the ranks of a profession which has long been a good deal divided in opinion on various points, and which has been long goaded into divisions and jealousies by the very journal which they are now fully determined to crush beneath their feet. Were this "Gay" affair the first offence, it might be forgiven; but their movements are but the outbreaking of a latent sense of injury, inspired by a series of offences committed during the last quarter of a century or more. But there is now an opinion rapidly spreading over every portion of the body, and especially pervading the most distinguished and influential branches, that to be eulogised by the *Lancet* is a great misfortune, while the abuse of that journal is the sure passport to the sympathy, the respect, and the support of the whole profession.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY. PHYSICS.

HEAT-MUSIC.—Some fifty years since, an inspector of one of the Saxony smelting-works placed a cup-shaped lump of silver, still hot, on a cold anvil; when, to his surprise, it immediately began to "sing." This observant man, Schwartz by name, described the phenomenon to Professor Gilbert of Berlin, who, on visiting the works and repeating the experiment, observed that a quivering of the hot mass of silver was concomitant with the emission of sounds, and that when the one ceased, so did the other. The observation was recorded, and, for the time, there an end.

In 1829 Mr. A. Trevelyan, being about to spread a plaster, found his plastering-iron somewhat too hot for the purpose, and laid it aside till cool enough, resting it slantingly against a leaden block which was at hand; when a shrill note, like that from the chanter of the small Northumberland pipes, was emitted from the heated iron, which he noticed was vibrating rapidly. This gentleman was induced to pursue the path of observation thus opened to him; and explained, in conjunction with Sir J. Leslie, his theory of the production of these musical sounds—a theory still further expanded by Dr. Faraday at the Royal Institution. This explanation refers these sounds to the tapping of the hot metal against the cold one below, with sufficient rapidity to produce the note. The vibrations are sustained by the alternate expansion and contraction of the cold mass at the points where the heated metal rocker comes in contact with it; whilst the superiority of lead, which is found to make the best block, is referable to its great expansibility, combined with its feeble conductivity for heat, the latter preventing the rapid diffusion of the heat through the leaden lump.

Professor J. D. Forbes, of Edinburgh, demurred to this explanation, and in 1833 published a memoir on the subject, in which he developed the hypothesis that these vibrations are due to a new species of mechanical agency in heat—a *repulsion* exercised by heat itself, on passing from a good to a bad conductor: an hypothesis, if well grounded, of no little importance with respect to our knowledge of the special nature of heat; and which has just led to a reconsideration of the whole subject, by Dr. J. Tyndall, in the same theatre in which, three-and-twenty years ago, Dr. Faraday commended it to the attention of men of science. Dr. Tyndall submits the general laws enunciated by Professor Forbes, and from which he drew his conclusion, to experimental investigation. The first of these laws affirms, that "these vibrations never take place between substances of like nature." This proved to be generally true when the hot metal rested on a block, or the edge of a thick plate, of the same metal; but when a thin plate of metal was used for the hot rocker to rest upon, the case was quite altered. Thus, a hot copper rocker laid against the edge of a penny-piece vibrated unceremoniously; but when the coin was beaten out to a sharp thin edge, and the hot rocker laid upon it, it sang away famously. So it proved with silver on silver, iron on iron, brass, zinc, and tin; they all vibrated when a thin knife-edge replaced the block or thick edge; and the thinner the plate, within the limits requisite to insure its rigidity, the more certain and striking was the effect. These experiments upset Forbes' first law.

Law the second was, that "both substances must be metallic." It appears, however, that certain non-metallic bodies which possess considerable capacity for conducting heat, may be substituted for the metallic support, previously thought essential. Rockers of silver, copper, and brass, placed on the natural edge of a prism of rock-crystal, gave distinct tones; when the edge of a cube of fluor spar replaced the crystal, the notes were still more musical; and this was excelled in its turn by a cube of rock-salt: with this last, if the rocker be only about blood-heat, sounds are emitted, although with most non-metallic bodies the heat of the metal rocker needs to be considerable to produce tones. With upwards of twenty

such non-metallic substances examined, vibrations were obtained in every case: thus is cancelled the second general law.

It would, in my estimation, not be time and thought wasted, were Professor Tyndall to ponder the possible connection between the experiments just detailed of the musical sounds produced by the contact of heated metallic bars with these minerals, and those with which, tradition assures, us the Memnon statue greeted the rising sun at Thebes in earlier days. The ordeal by fire, thanks to Boutigny, is now no mystery to us; and science is from time to time revealing the truths contained in such-like tales—tales as religiously believed in by a simpler, as scouted by a more sceptical generation.

To proceed: the third general law states that "the vibrations take place with an intensity proportional to the difference of the conductivity of the metals for heat; the metal possessing the least conductive power being necessarily the coldest." The experimental evidence which overthrows the first law seems to cancel this one also; for if the intensity of the vibration be proportionate to the difference of the conducting power, then, when no such difference exists, neither can vibration; whereas it has been proved, in half-a-dozen instances, that vibrations are producible between different pieces of the same metal. The condition stated by Forbes' law may be reversed; thus, when silver, the best heat-conductor we have, was made the knife-edge for hot rockers of far worse conductors—brass, copper, and iron—musical tones were emitted in every case; so that it is evidently unnecessary that the worse conductor should be the cold metal, and this third law must share the fate of its predecessors.

Professor Forbes, however, contends further against Dr. Faraday's opinion that the superiority of lead, as the cold block for producing these sounds, over other metals, depends on its high expansibility when combined with its deficient conducting power. He urges that the vibrations depend on the difference of temperature existing between the rocker and the block; if the latter be a bad conductor, accumulating heat on its surface, the tendency must be to bring the surfaces of both rocker and block, where in contact, to the same temperature, and thus put a stop to the vibration instead of exalting it. Further, the more heat which passes from rocker to block during contact, the greater the expansion of the latter; so that, if the vibration be due to expansion, the maximum of vibration and sound must be manifested when the block is made out of the best conductor known; which is not the case. The expansion, however, which produces the musical notes, is the sudden upheaval of the contact-points of the hot rocker and the cold block, i. e., a circumscribed expansion; but the expansion due to good conduction is that of the whole mass of metal, a pervading expansion. When the mass of metal is large, as in blocks, and its conducting power is good, the abstraction of the heat from those points of the block which come into actual contact with the hot rocker, by the mass of metal in the block surrounding these points, is so rapid, that the sudden upheaval of the points of contact in the block is counteracted, and consequently no vibrations are manifested. But, when the blocks are replaced by mere laminae, this rapid abstraction of heat is in great measure interrupted, and the conditions of the sudden upheaval of the contact points being restored, the silent metals sound again. Thus it would appear that the very experiments adduced by the Edinburgh Professor against Faraday's theory may be enlisted on its side, and become, when duly weighed, corroborative of the views advocated by the latter philosopher.

METEOROLOGICAL CHEMISTRY.

RAIN WATER.—About a year ago I endeavoured to show, from the data afforded by the analyses of a French chemist, to what a vast extent the vegetable kingdom was indebted to rain, not for moisture simply, but for a gradual, yet constant supply of those nitrogenous compounds, which, in an assimilable shape, are essential to the perfect development of the plant. Since then our knowledge of facts connected with this subject has been greatly extended by M. Boussingault, a name distinguished for devotion to science, by an elaborate series of estimations of the amount of ammonia contained both in the river and rain waters of the vicinity of Paris. The alkalimetric mode, adopted to determine the amount of ammonia contained in any given quantity of water, appears to have yielded results as exact and delicate as could be desired—a matter of no little importance, for a systematic examination of the rain of various localities, involving thousands of analyses, is now become a desideratum of scientific agriculture.

The river-water from the Seine and Ourcq was taken during the months of April and May; and, although, in the latter instance, the specimens examined yielded widely differing results, it is evident that the ammoniacal contents of these waters are but small, the average of that from the Seine being about 1½ grains in 1000 gallons of water, whilst that from the Ourcq yielded 6 grains of ammonia to 1000 gallons of water. These amounts are less than would have been anticipated, when we look at the position of these rivers in the midst of a populous and cultivated country, and remember that the specimens of water submitted to analysis were taken at the

Parisian fountains supplied by these waters. In one instance, the water of the Bieher, which, however, seems to be a mere ditch, draining several manufactories, the amount of ammonia is considerable, being nearly 40 grains in 1000 gallons of water; but, as a rule, the ammoniacal value of these river-waters is small. Turning to a report on the supply of water to the metropolis by Messrs. Graham, Miller, and Hofmann in 1851, to compare the Parisian and the London river-water, I find but one example given of the water—that taken near the Red House, Battersea, where the amount of ammonia was actually estimated and which yielded 31 grains in 1000 gallons; showing Thames water to be nearly as foul, at that spot, as that from the Bieher just mentioned.

When from the rivers we turn to waters taken from wells in the country, and from the Lac d'Enghien, the amount of ammonia present is almost infinitesimal, and, in one instance, this alkali was absolutely wanting. The influence of large masses of people congregated together on the production of ammonia is evidenced by several examinations of the springs in some of the houses in Paris, which, in three instances, yielded upwards of 2000 grains of ammonia in 1000 gallons of water. Can we wonder that the well-water of Paris is undrinkable? Sea-water at Dieppe gave about 2 grains in the 1000 gallons. M. Boussingault, in addition to these determinations, has also made a few examinations of rain-water, which agree with those of Mr. Barral, before referred to, and prove how far richer the rain is in this nitrogenous body than it is after it has percolated through the various soils and strata to reappear as spring or river water. This result is but an additional proof of the absorbent power of the soil for salts, which are thus separated from the rain, and, as it were, stored up for the supply of the plant when required.

Amongst these experiments there is one of singular interest, as throwing light on the observed fact of the cherishing and stimulating nature of snow on vegetation, and which has hitherto been principally attributed to its maintaining an equal temperature, retaining terrestrial heat-radiations, and protecting the plant from wind. Doubtless these influences exert a protective and nourishing action on the young plant; but it also appears that the snow absorbs a large quantity of ammonia from the soil, so that, when the thaw comes, the plant is supplied with moisture far richer in this stimulant than mere rain-water usually is; and this at a time when, from the rise in the temperature, the vital powers of the plant are also brought more energetically into play. Some snow which fell in March was collected: one portion, immediately after its descent, being taken from a terrace—the other portion was gathered thirty-six hours afterwards from the soil of the garden; when, on determining the amounts of ammonia the snow, respectively contained, it was found that the latter portion from the garden soil, yielded no less than sextuple the quantity of this nitrogenous body than that taken from the terrace; results pointing to the absorption of this large amount of ammonia from the soil in the space of thirty-six hours.

An accurate, widely-extended, and long-continued series of experiments on the amount of solid matter brought down in the rain, and especially with respect to the quantities of ammonia and nitric acid, in various parts of this country, would prove of the greatest interest and value. Were these determinations also conjoined with meteorological observations, their utility would be greatly increased; whilst a periodical investigation of the nitrogenous contents of our rivers and springs should not be neglected. We have numerous painstaking meteorologists scattered over these islands, and amongst them, doubtless, several sufficiently skilled in analytical chemistry to undertake this task; which would prove not valuable alone to the agricultural chemist, but, it is not improbable, would shed considerable light on certain atmospheric conditions accompanying the visitation and spread of epidemic diseases. HERMES.

ART AND ARTISTS.

PORTLAND GALLERY—NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

OUR great metropolis is supplied with pictures much after the same fashion as it is with fruit and vegetables; sparingly in the earlier months of the year; then gradually, as the season advances, crop after crop is brought to market, each one more abundant, succulent, or sapid than the preceding, until the year's full cornucopia is poured forth in the Academy Exhibition. Here we have a second instalment, still rather of the wintry kind; not yet very mature or fruity, but tasting of the wood like green gooseberries. The appetite of the public is vast and tolerably indiscriminate. Anything may be palmed upon it in the garb or shape of a picture, and it is willing to pay high prices so long as they be boldly demanded. In the catalogue of this exhibition the prices of the pictures are marked, a convenient and business-like plan, though some of them certainly make us open the eyes of astonishment, and we have visions of deluded holders of art-union prizes falling into the palpable snares here laid for them. Distressing accidents of

this kind occur every year; we can only warn the confiding public to beware.

Sidney Percy is a *facile princeps* of the landscape painters here. He has made the magnificent aspects of Welsh mountain-scenery peculiarly his own. Alfred W. Williams, in his more successful efforts, is not far behind him. Compare *The Stream from the Mountain* (41), and *A Bright Summer Day, Llyn Dinas, North Wales* (130). H. B. Willis has several good Welsh scenes, in which the groups of cattle are particularly worthy of remark. H. Dawson's view *On the Erewash Canal, Derbyshire* (211), is an excellent representation of an approaching shower. The threatening aspect of the clouds, and the dull twilight hue which they impart to the whole scene, are well copied from nature.

After Landseer, there is no one who can paint a horse like G. F. Horning, sen. His *Interior of a Stable* (223), seems a sort of plagiarism from a well-known work of the king of animal-painters. Passing to a higher walk of art, Mr. R. S. Lander's *Mary at the Sepulchre* (250) seems to be the great *pièce de résistance* of the gallery. Here the effect is sought to be gained by striking contrasts of light and shadow. An angel sitting at the entrance of the tomb casts a pale light over the foreground, while in the distance the blackness of night prevails. The angel points upwards, indicating that the one sought was risen. The faces of the women want character. We have seen sundry illustrations of Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*, which have not added much to our enjoyment of that fanciful poem. Mr. Lander's picture on this subject (232) is not an exception. The title seems little more than an excuse for painting a pale young lady sitting by a looking-glass. Upon a totally different principle is designed a scene from *Hamlet* (310), by H. S. Marks. Every one recollects the banter with which the Prince of Denmark confounds the fop Osric.

Ham. Your bonnet to its right use—'tis for the head.
Os. I thank your lordship—'tis very hot.

The costumes which the painter has chosen are somewhat unusual; and he has departed widely from the conventional type of Hamlet, who is dressed, not as the collegian, but in a long black gown. Not a line in the picture, however, but tells. The painter has the gift, denied to nearly all even the best English painters—a perception of the expression which lies in *form*, and the power of wielding *form* as the medium of expression. In this faculty he has a strong affinity with Millais. Hamlet's figure is a marvellous instance of this quality. Though wrapped in a gown nearly to the feet, the anatomy is as visible as if we had a naked figure before us. The attitude expresses the weakness of Hamlet's character. The face is that of a man to whom all earthly things have become indifferent. Osric is the incarnation of mediæval dandyism. In Mr. Marks we are glad to recognise "one poet more" added to the ranks of our painters.

Mrs. Mary Ann Howitt's *Margaret returning from the Fountain* (28) is an attempt in the Millais school; but, though commendable in details, the figure of Margaret, wherein the strength of the picture ought to lie, is weak and inexpressive. Mr. R. R. M'lan's *Fiery Cross* (159) is a spirited treatment of the old Highland custom of rousing the clansmen to arms by sending round the sacred symbol. W. M. Egley has a clever little sketch of a picture exhibited last year, the subject taken from the "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V." J. W. Glass's *Flight of Mary Stuart from Lochleven* (408); J. E. Lander's *Ten Virgins* (83); F. Underhill's *Rest by the Way* (133); W. Duffield's *Game and Fruit* (56), it may be sufficient here to point out as pictures of various styles worthy of attention. We notice one of D. Passmore's sketchy interiors; and one of great excellence by A. Provis—though perhaps not equal to some by the same hand last year. We ought not to omit mention of a magnificent *Uncle Tom*, elaborately "realised," as the Americans would say. He is decidedly less attractive on canvas than in Mrs. Stowe's book.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

NOEL PATON is now working at a large painting—so large that he applied for and received the Council Hall of Dunfermline as a studio—every way worthy of his great genius. Mr. Ruskin saw the painting when he was in Scotland in November, and expressed himself in the highest terms respecting it.—Of the great pictures in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, *The Baron's Hall*, by MacIver, has been sold for 2000*l.*; *The Return of the Dove*, by Millais, for 250*l.*; *Roberts' Venice*, for 500*l.*; and *Macculloch's Loch Awe*, for 300*l.*—The numbers attending the Museum of Ornamental Art at Marlborough House, during the month of February, were as follows:—7240 persons on the public days, and admitted free; 680 persons on the students' days, and admitted as students on the payment of 6*d.* each, besides the registered students of the classes and schools; being an increase of 2595 visitors over the corresponding month of 1853.—The Imperial Court of France lately gave a judgment of considerable interest to printellers and sculptors. It was to the effect that statues and statuettes cannot be copied by photographic means without the consent of the authors and proprietors. Several tradesmen, who had taken on themselves to reproduce statues in

this way, were condemned to pay damages to different plaintiffs, varying from 100*l.* to 500*l.*—A statue of Sir Francis Drake has been presented to the town of Offenburg by Herr Andreas Friederich, a sculptor, living in Strasburg. It is executed in fine-grained red sandstone, nine feet high, and has been erected on a handsome pedestal of sandstone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations in the town. Sir Francis Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April 1587, having just been made a knight by the Queen.—The French Government has given commissions to about fifteen of the principal engravers of France to execute engravings of paintings by Paul Veronese, Lesueur, Luini, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, and other masters. The total amount of these commissions is not less than 8600*l.* Amongst the gentlemen who have obtained them are M. Henriquel Dupont (of the Institute), M. François, M. Pollet, M. St. Eve, M. Lefèvre, M. Caron, M. Dien and M. Bein.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

MR. G. W. ROHNER has published the third part of his *Practical Treatise on Musical Composition*. We have already described it in noticing the previous parts. This one is almost entirely devoted to examples. It treats of Imitation, Fugue, and Canon.

THE NEW ORATORIO.

On the evening of Thursday, the 2nd inst., we attended the first public performance of a new oratorio, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie, at the St. Martin's Hall, being for the benefit of the Governors' Benevolent Institution, the Royal Society of Female Musicians, and the Choral Fund. The singers engaged were, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Amy Dolby, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss; the band was composed of the most eminent instrumentalists, and the chorus was strong in number and efficient in skill; these artists, with Mr. Benedict as conductor, left nothing to be desired in so creditable and careful a labour as the first production of a new oratorio.

Before entering upon a consideration of the musical genius displayed by Mr. Leslie, we must offer some remarks on "the book" (i. e. the selection of words to which the music is set) of *Immanuel*. Oratorios are understood to be sacred dramas sung throughout, after the manner of an opera (though in reality the opera was founded on the oratorio), and having a plot or story to develop. In the present instance, however, this has not been the rule; for there is no chain of circumstances connected with the texts of Holy Scripture which have been gathered together to illustrate any positive series of acts in the life of our Lord; if we except the sermon on the Mount, and the raising again of the widow's son. No doubt, the first part of the book may be considered as typical of the wants and requirements of man in his fallen state; and the second part, teaching us the blessings flowing from the divine Redeemer's presence on earth; but these portions of Holy Writ are so vaguely grouped together that it requires rather a nice, than an obvious, discrimination to find such a connection; and we were fully persuaded, while listening to Mr. Leslie's work, that he must have been much embarrassed for a want of unity of action in the selection from Scripture before him. Contrary to the usual custom, we had no overture, but a short introduction, which, although it was something devoid of a marked subject, yet showed that its author was no tyro in the art of writing for instruments or in an extended knowledge of modulation. The chorus "We have heard with our ears," evidences no inconsiderable talent; it is a good specimen of plain counterpoint, written in clear and naturally flowing parts, while the instrumentation is skillfully treated. In this chorus we were much pleased by a very happy suspension, admirably introduced and imparting a degree of freshness to the composition, which again brought us to the original subject. The next piece, "I am brought into great trouble," is not to our liking; the key is awkward, E flat minor (six flats), and it is too broken to please us. The chorale "Deliver us, O Lord our God," is a good specimen of the distribution of parts between the orchestra and chorus. The air, "If ye be willing," for a bass voice, is a charming piece of harmony and orchestration; but few persons have sufficient register of voice to sing it. The chorus, "There is no Hope," was eminently successful, and was awarded the first encore; it is a striking and highly dramatic creation, written in C minor, and is so admirably scored as to leave little or nothing to be desired. The two chorusses, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," and "I will make void the counsel of Judah," are excellent, the latter being a sterling fugue worked with great contrapuntal skill.

The tenor solo, "Father, I have sinned against heaven," wants repose—it is too rugged to please our taste, and seems anything but an acknowledgment of sin. The double chorus, "Cry out and shout," is a flight of true genius in an elaborate and splendidly conceived idea; the fugal subjects are good and ably sustained; and it is evident from this composition Mr. Leslie has been no idle reader of the best models left us by the great in art. In the second part the tenor solo in F sharp minor, "Verily I say unto you," is a

gem; it must become a favourite with singers generally. The chorus, "The spirit of the Lord is upon him," is another triumph of choral writing; it is bright, melodious, graceful in construction, and, to the hearer, vividly conveys the sense of the words and the promises held out. The quartet and chorus, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," is a delicious specimen of natural simplicity and pathos. The trio, "Come, we pray you" (the blessing of the children), merited, and gained an encore. The widow's song, "I am bereaved," in F minor, sung by Miss Dolby in the most touching and truthful manner, will not be passed over by those who like good music; it is destined to live; and, if Mr. Leslie had written nothing beside this truly beautiful and poetical air, he might safely rest assured that future musicians would class this song among the inspirations of true genius. "Take heed, watch and pray," is a quartet that was the third piece encored, and it is one of those genuine pieces of composition that, we doubt not, is destined to become popular among the serious and intellectual lovers of music. The last chorus, "To God our Saviour," is a grand and effective conclusion. Though we do not find in it the elaboration of the previous "Cry out and shout," yet it is a careful and masterly composition, and reflects great credit on its author. In conclusion, we must observe certain faults which appeared prominently on this occasion; one is, that the oratorio, as a whole, is very uneven—a result which, to us, is accounted for by the want of connection before referred to; and another great mistake is the blending of the operatic and the severe styles, with too great a display of *obligato* instrumentation. Allowing for these drawbacks, Mr. Leslie's oratorio is the work of a man of no common mind; and if we take into consideration that he is an amateur and not a professed musician, we are surprised and gratified that a work of such high character, ability, and genius, should have proceeded from the pen of so young a man. We hope again to hear *Immanuel*, and to become more intimate with its many beauties.

C MAJOR.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE new report of the Sacred Harmonic Society tells a tale of progress and prosperity.—*King Lear* has lately been performed on the Dresden stage.—The *New York Musical Review* announces that Miss Adelaide Phillips, an American lady, has made a successful appearance at Brescia, in *Semiramide*.—The hundred and sixteenth anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians was held at the Freemasons' Tavern last week, T. H. Hall, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. The treasurer's report announced the annual receipts for 1853 to be 2998*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* against 2679*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* disbursements. The ninth anniversary of the Royal Theatrical Fund took place on the 10th, at the London Tavern; R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., presided.—The project of the monster organ for the Crystal Palace is abandoned.—A court for the reception of musical instruments is in course of construction at the Crystal Palace, the design of which has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas. We understand that some of the most eminent of our pianoforte makers have visited Sydenham, with a view of offering practical advice in reference to its general arrangement. The maintenance of an equable temperature has been secured, and scientific attention has been directed to making the court as effective as possible for the exhibition of musical instruments.—The annual general meeting of the members of the Royal General Theatrical Fund Association was held at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Buckstone in the chair. From the report it appeared that seven decayed or infirm members of the profession are receiving permanent pensions from the society; 30*l.* had been paid to cover the funeral expenses of deceased members; 20*l.* had been paid to the children of Mrs. Warner, an exceptional grant for which the directors had to ask, and freely received, a bill of indemnity from the general body. The report was adopted by the meeting, after which sundry votes were passed.—Mr. Gye, of the Italian Theatre, Covent-garden, has come to an arrangement with Meyerbeer for the production, in the course of the season, of his new comic opera, the *Northern Star*; and it is said that Mr. Beale, the music-publisher, has agreed to pay him 600*l.* for the right of reprinting the music in England. M. Brandus, the music-publisher of Paris, has paid Meyerbeer not less than 3200*l.* for the privilege of selling the score of the *Etoile du Nord* in France.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

A CHEAP edition of the Waverley novels is shortly to be issued by the Messrs. Black. The volumes are to be got up in a similar style to Bulwer Lytton's novels now being issued by Routledge. The price is to be 1*s.* 6*d.*, each novel to be completed in a single volume. It is intended to begin with an impression of 40,000, to be ready in the month of June.—Lady Bulwer Lytton, it is rumoured, has ready for immediate publication another novel, entitled *Behind the Scenes*.—Amongst the works recently put into the "Index" of Rome, are the *Theological Essays* of Professor Maurice, and the *Encyclopédie Moderne*, published by

the Messrs. Didot of Paris.—An unpublished Latin treatise by Leibnitz, in refutation of Spinoza, has lately been discovered and translated into French by M. Foucher de Careil.—The *Edinburgh Review* is just 50 years old; the *Quarterly*, 44; the *New Monthly Magazine*, 33; *Blackwood*, 38; and *Fraser*, 24.—The *Edinburgh Guardian* intends to issue a series of supplements containing illustrations of the Sydenham Crystal Palace. A very bold and somewhat commendable scheme, considering that it proceeds from cannie Scotchmen.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle has written to the New York Mercantile Library Association that he is unable, in consequence of previously accepted engagements, to visit America the present season.—Colonel Sykes has been elected as this year's Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.—Mr. Planché has been appointed to the office of Pursuivant-at-arms.—Mr. Hugh Miller was presented with a valuable piece of plate the other day by "a few friends, subscribers to the fund for establishing the *Edinburgh Witness* newspaper," as a token of the estimation in which they hold his services in the management of that journal.

—The Glasgow friends of Mr. Alexander Smith, author of *A Life Drama*, entertained him at dinner in the Tontine hotel on the occasion of his removal to Edinburgh, to enter on the duties of secretary to the University.—Mr. Mitchell, in his speech at New York, is said to have stated that Uhland, the German poet, had become an exile, and was now in Ohio. This is a mistake, for Uhland is now living in his native Wurtemberg, and is reported in the papers to have quite recently declined a civic honour proposed to be conferred on him by the King of Prussia at the suggestion of Baron Humboldt.

The Government expenditure upon native education in India during the last nineteen years has amounted to 1,42,79,410 rupees. The annual expenditure of the Government under this head has arisen from 4,16,417 rupees in 1834 to 10,02,133 rupees in 1853.—The literary and scientific men of Manchester have determined to form an alliance between the Royal Institution and the School of Art, on conditions advantageous and honourable to all parties.—A society has been instituted for exploring the ruins of Assyria and Babylonia, with especial reference to Biblical illustration, under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.—The Lord Provost of Scotland has returned from London, where he has had interviews with the Earl of Aberdeen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the President of the Board of Trade, on the subject of a grant for a Scottish National Museum. His Lordship pressed the claim of Scotland to such a grant very strongly upon those members of the Government.—M. Dumas has announced to the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. Saint Clair Deville has obtained from clay a metal as white and brilliant as silver, as malleable as gold, as light as glass, and fusible at a moderate temperature.

—The treaty between France and Belgium for the protection of literary and artistic property, concluded in August last, is about to be ratified and promulgated. Like all previous conventions of the same kind, it expressly prohibits piracy in every shape, and secures authors, musical composers, and artists, a fair remuneration for the reproduction of their works.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands. By ROBERT MUDIE. Revised, &c. by W. C. L. MARTIN, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bohn. ROBERT MUDIE possessed the faculty of making science popular, by treating it in a picturesque form. He did not scare his readers with hard words and technical terms; but he observed nature, and described what he saw in the language of the multitude, who, because they could understand, were pleased with what he taught. These birds of Britain are treated in his peculiar style. He gives us every kind of pleasant information relative to their habits and haunts; and, above all, he never forgets to tell us what place they occupy in the scheme of creation—what duties they fulfil—what uses they subserve—and how wondrously they are framed for the performance of the functions allotted to them. This new edition, introduced into Mr. Bohn's "Scientific Library," will be very acceptable to thousands of readers; and not the less so, because it is lavishly adorned with engravings of the beautiful and interesting objects described in the text.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE LYCEUM.—*A Charming Widow—Number One round the Corner.*
THE OLYMPIC.—*To Oblige Benson.*
DRURY-LANE.—*The Vendetta.*
HAYMARKET.—*Guy Mannering and Ranelagh.*
PRINCESS'S.
SADLER'S WELLS.—*The Miser.*
SOHO.—Mr. Nicholls and Miss Cleveland.
MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION.
The theatres are revelling in novelties, mostly of a trivial description, but amusing and attractive withal. The Lyceum has introduced two trifles—three, if we

include the lady whose "adorable arms and wrists" have so enchanted the lively "Vivian" of the *Leader*, and who, he assures us, drinks a cup of tea "with an elegance of which the stage has been ignorant for a long while." The pieces are *A Charming Widow* and *Number One round the Corner*. In the *Charming Widow*, Miss Talbot, who has so fascinated "Vivian" with her fair hair and ladylike unstaged deportment, also fascinates a worthless husband (Charles Mathews) only to administer a wholesome lesson on inconstancy, and send him home to his wife. But Miss Talbot does the cruel deed "as a drawing-room lady," Vivian assures us—and he writes so feelingly, earnestly, and with so holy a fear of Mrs. Vivian before his eyes, that we prefer his description to our own impressions. Miss Talbot, however, is a charming woman, and dresses, walks, and talks like a lady. Whether she be an actress, it is impossible to say, for the little piece, so cleverly adapted from the French, in which she appears, affords no opportunity of testing her powers. *Number One round the Corner* is after the plan of *Box and Cox*, in which two fellow-lodgers (Charles Mathews and Roxby) are mutually troubled and troublesome, and mutually deceived and deceiving—until an accident enlightens them, and makes of them the best friends. It kept the house in a roar, and deserves "to be repeated every evening," as Mathews promised it should be.

Matrimonial troubles and dangers form the staple of the successful little comedy at the Olympic. *Mrs. Benson* (Miss Wyndham) is enamoured of her husband's pupil, which *Mrs. Trotter Southdown* (Mrs. Stirling) discovers, and determines to cure. With this view she pretends to have been indiscreet herself, and prevails upon *Southdown* (Mr. Robson) to get up a scene of jealous rage. This has the desired effect on *Mrs. Benson*; but a whisper from *Benson* (Mr. Emery) that his wife is really inconstant, converts *Southdown's* sham rage into real; and here the skill and versatility of Robson are seen. Of course *Mr. and Mrs. Southdown* become happily reconciled, but not until they have amused you with wholesome humour for an hour or more. Though his share in *To Oblige Benson* hardly adds to Mr. Robson's growing reputation, it sustains him in the good opinion of play-goers. *Plot and Passion* has been revived at this house, and should be seen by all who have not yet seen it.

Drury Lane relies upon its *Corsican Brothers* (which has been much shortened since its first production), and upon Mr. Brooke's ever-shifting impersonations. He has appeared in *Virginius* with more success than in Shaksperian characters.

At the Haymarket the alternation of *Ranelagh* and *Guy Mannering* serve to fill the house with most fashionable audiences. Miss Cushman's *Meg Merrilies* is too startling an originality soon to be forgotten by audiences, or set aside by a manager. The new tragedy by Mr. Chorley, which was produced on Monday, we have not seen. The critics of the daily press speak highly of it, and especially of its poetical passages, which are numerous.

The stock pieces at the Princess's are so good, so numerous, and now so well-known, that we need hardly enumerate them; and Mr. Kean is too skilled a tactician to rely long upon repetitions of one thing merely. He gives you a dozen in succession, so that the *habitué*, and the occasional visitor, will always be sure of a variety.

Mr. Phelps has revived Fielding's version of Molière's *Miser*, with himself as *Lovegold*. As in *Bottom* and *Justice Shallow*, Mr. Phelps took us by storm in his display of the humorous—a quality which, until lately, lay quite undeveloped in him. The revival was perfectly successful, and is in all respects well sustained.

Mr. Nicholls, in *Hamlet*, has justified our first favourable opinion of him as an actor. He bids fair to become the most truthful tragedian on the stage; already he is by far the best reader we know. His originality in parts is second only to the care and finish which mark his acting as a whole. So careful a student and gentlemanly an actor as Mr. Nicholls should be encouraged by all who desire to see Shaksperian characters well sustained, and who must be disgusted with the outrageous puffs and still more outrageous violation of true dramatic representation with which a portion of the public seems to be won just now. We owe also a word of welcome to Miss Cleveland, an easy and accurate actress and a graceful lady. She promises more than any *débütante* we have seen of late, and she has already achieved more.

Among the numerous relics of Napoleon which abound in the Golden Chamber at Madame Tussaud's, none surpass in beauty the Table of the Marshals. This splendid specimen of the art of painting on porcelain was presented to the city of Paris by the Emperor Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz. The portraits which ornament the table were all painted by Isabey.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TREE.—The *Gardeners' Chronicle* announces the discovery, in California, of a most magnificent coniferous tree, 300 feet high. "This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra

Nevada, near the head waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in lat. 38° N., long. 120° 10' W., at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from 250 feet to 300 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoi (taxodium) sempervirens*; some are solitary, some are in pairs; while some, and not unfrequently, stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at 5 feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at 100 feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at 200 from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling a cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass-green. Those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about 2½ inches long, and 2 inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid, from the sap-wood to the centre; and, judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish color, like redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, 21 feet of the bark, from the lower part of the trunk, have been put in the natural form in San Francisco, for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for forty persons. On one occasion 140 children were admitted without inconvenience. An exact representation of this tree, drawn on the spot, is now in the hands of the lithographers, and will be published in a few days." What a tree is this! of what a portentous aspect and almost fabulous antiquity! They say that the specimen felled at the junction of the Stanislaus and San Antonio was above 3000 years old—that is to say, it must have been a little plant when Sampson was slaying the Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas carrying off good *pater Anchises* upon his filial shoulders. And this may very well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact. At all events, we have obtained the plant. The seed received by Messrs. Veitch has all the appearance of vitality, and since the tree is hardy and evergreen, it is a prodigious acquisition.

SIZE OF LONDON.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six (2,362,236) on the day of the last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under four-and-twenty hours, by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than seventy-five miles from their respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep.—*Cheshire's Results of the Census.*

OBITUARY.

BERLIOZ.—At her residence at Montmartre, Madame Berlioz, formerly Miss Smithson, the wife of the celebrated composer. On her marriage with M. Berlioz she retired into private life, from which she never afterwards emerged.

DENISON.—On the 6th inst. at Salisbury, Dr. Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury. He never published anything except a volume of sermons.

JENKINS.—At Oxford, Dr. Jenkins, the Master of Balliol.

LAMENNAIS.—In Paris, aged 61, the Abbé de Lamennais. After the revolution of February, M. de Lamennais was successively member of the Constituent and of the Legislative Assembly, being elected each time for the department of the Seine. He was also nominated in the first of these assemblies to the committee appointed to draw up the Constitution of 1848, but refused to take any part in the labours of that body.

LONDONDERRY.—On the 6th inst. at Holderness-house, aged 76, the Marquis of Londonderry. His fascinations as Lord Stewart found favour (after his kind) in the eyes of *Thomas Browne the younger*, who has preserved them for posterity in some of the sharpest vinegar of his satirical verses. In later days the Marquis published travels, memoirs, and one or two slighter books and pamphlets, more curious as marking character than for any literary weight or value possessed by them.

PAUL.—On the 28th ult. at Broughton Manse, aged 80, the Rev. Hamilton Paul. He was the college friend and companion of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and for several years he and Campbell were wont to correspond in prose and verse. While a student he contributed many pieces to the columns of the *Glasgow Courier*, the *Phoenix*, and other publications; and, subsequently, while a probationer, he was joint-proprietor and editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*. Mr. Paul edited the edition of Burns' works published by Wilson, McCormick and Carnie, in 1819; this edition called forth "some of the finest specimens of written eloquence that the English language can produce, directed against or in favour of the reverend gentleman who had the audacity to utter a word in praise of the bard of Colla."

RICHARDS.—On the 26th ult. at Banbury, Isle of Wight, aged 58, the Rev. Dr. Richards, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford.

RUBINI.—On the 2nd inst. at Romano, in the province of Bergamo, aged 60, Signor Rubini, the once greatest of Italian tenors.

TALFOURD.—On the 13th inst. at Stafford, whilst delivering a charge to the grand jury, Mr. Justice Talfourd. His death was sudden, and is attributed to apoplexy. It is not saying too much to assert that the death of no one on the bench would have aroused so much sympathy and sorrow as that of Justice Talfourd. Few careers have been more satisfactory than his. He wedded himself when young to literature with all the ardour of a juvenile lover. But he was not spoiled by the few laurels that he gained while his devotion was absorbed in this direction. He still managed to prosecute his legal studies with all necessary diligence. Although the author of a tragedy—a fact which frightened numerous solicitors—he became a judge. He showed during his career as a barrister that, although thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry, and capable of displaying great excellence in the composition of English poetry, he had still sufficient time to master the intricacies of English law. He commenced his education at a dissenting grammar-school, and finished it at one of our public schools. He came to London, and added to his income by his literary exertions. He contributed to magazines, and was a reporter to the press. He came to London at the age of eighteen, and placed himself as a pupil under Chitty in 1813. He was called to the bar in 1821, and was married the next year. It may be said that his prosperity has never had a check. His literary productions—*Jon, The Athenian Captive, Glencoe, Vacation Rambles*—have all been warmly received by the public, while his professional labours have achieved undoubted success. The authors of England are indebted to him for his exertions in the cause of literary copyright.

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